

## I'm Alone Now

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29363106) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29363106>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Major Character Death</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Marvel Cinematic Universe</a> , <a href="#">Marvel</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Peter Parker/Sam Wilson</a> , <a href="#">Peter Parker &amp; Sam Wilson</a> , <a href="#">James "Bucky" Barnes &amp; Sam Wilson</a> , <a href="#">Happy Hogan &amp; Peter Parker</a> , <a href="#">Scott Lang &amp; Peter Parker</a> , <a href="#">Scott Lang &amp; Sam Wilson</a> , <a href="#">James "Bucky" Barnes &amp; Wanda Maximoff</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Peter Parker</a> , <a href="#">Sam Wilson (Marvel)</a> , <a href="#">James "Bucky" Barnes</a> , <a href="#">Wanda Maximoff</a> , <a href="#">Scott Lang</a> , <a href="#">Happy Hogan</a> , <a href="#">James "Rhodey" Rhodes</a> , <a href="#">Bruce Banner</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Irondad</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a> , <a href="#">Post-Endgame</a> , <a href="#">Fluffy</a> , <a href="#">Mentioned Skip Westcott</a> , <a href="#">PeterxSam</a> , <a href="#">peters18whenfeelingsstart</a> , <a href="#">avengerscompound</a> , <a href="#">Secret Identity</a> , <a href="#">depressedpeter</a> , <a href="#">Failedsuicide!!!</a> , <a href="#">Implied/Referenced Self-Harm</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-11 Chapters: 22/22 Words: 31853

## I'm Alone Now

by [Crisis34](#)

### Summary

After Tony's funeral Peter is so lonely, his heart aches and all his smiles are fake. No one knows what Peter saw and he has no one to connect with.

And then it gets worst, May is killed in a hit and run.

So he moves into the Avengers compound, depressed and stuffing himself in the lab area. He takes all his classes online, even though he's only 17 they're all college courses.

And after he has all his work down and is truly bored he stares at the wall, waiting for a mission, waiting to do something so he doesn't drown himself in his own mind.

He's numb, all his feeling from Tony's death, dying, and Aunt Mays death pushed to the back of his mind..

Never to be touched..

Until he meets Sam Wilson.

He's lost too, and they meet in the middle.

Except there's one problem,

Sam doesn't know Peters Spider-Man.



# Chapter 1

Peter stared out the window, the birds outside flying by though he never saw them, never saw the white puffy clouds or the beautiful blue sky, not even the bright red cardinal singing at the top of a tree.

He was focused on nothing, not even the beat of his own heart that filled the empty background.

He stared ...

And stared..

And stared.

Until he drowned out any noise and looked down at his own hands, confused for a moment.

Oh wait..

He forgot he was alive again.

Peter sighed, some senses coming back to him while he stood up to look over at the time. It was now 3am, time goes by fast when you forget about it.

He didn't feel tired.

Well he did feel tired, just not the sleepy kind.

He walked over to the laptop on his desk and pulled open a tab in his documents and began to write an essay due four months from now.

He finished it by 7am.

Peter didn't send it though, he would wait until the deadline was so he didn't have to deal with the teacher asking why he did it so early or even praising him for being ahead of the game.

He hadn't had a mission since last week, and he was already annoyed. He's usually out and about a lot, the management likes to make sure he's on his toes especially when he asks for extra.

But, when he doesn't have anything else to do he will go to the lab area. Usually it's only him and Bruce(who has thankfully decided he wouldn't have smart hulk around all the time cause he broke a considerable number of test tubes).

Bruce respects Peter likes to be quiet, though he does wonder about the picture of Peter who's smiling with Tony right next to him.

He never asks though.

Peter works with a lot of the engineering knickknacks, sometimes creating avengers suits for missions as well as weapons he keeps in a very secure file so what happened to Tony in 2008 doesn't happen to him.

Most people in the compound don't know he's Spider-Man, just an exhausted kid walking around

doing normal tasks not talking to anyone.

Heck, even some Avengers who saw him at Tony's funeral easily forgot his face, which is understandable.

After all, he's only Peter Parker.

Peter stands up, pacing his room for a moment before deciding he wanted to go to the labs, perhaps he would add to his suit. Maybe even Sams suit, he always liked the falcon wings.

He ventured to the labs eventually, after thinking about it for a moment. He was quick to avoid anyone on his way, only getting a glimpse of Bucky on his way.

Bucky was usually on longer missions, he didn't like being in New York and reminded of what Steve did to him. Peter never asked but he could tell the man was hurt, he assumed from the mans tactical gear and clean hair he was about to go on another mission.

Good luck to him.

When he reached the lab he immediately told Karen to bring up Sams suit on the hologram tech.

Peter ended up adding Karen to every data base after Mr. Stark passed. He couldn't take Bruce and whoever was in earshot saddening when they heard Friday.

I guess they missed him.

Peter had an attachment of Friday in his room too, he never talked to her but it brings him some sort of comfort.

Though comfort is a big word when you feel numb.

Peter gazed at Sams suit.

"Enlarge it and tell me every adaptation on his suit and what they're for Karen." Peter said, backing away as the suit got bigger.

"The suit has a variety of different things, although it was created for missions that fit New York weather. May I suggest adding a temperature regulating system?" Karen spoke.

Peter hummed, his eye brows going up. "Not a bad idea Kare bear, get me some schematics up on different varieties to be used. And why don't we get the man a mask for the lower half of his face that can come off at will and will go into the neck area of his tactical gear when he has landed, I honestly wonder how many bugs he has swallowed." Peter said with amusement in his voice but not really feeling anything.

"Color preference?" Karen asked.

"Charcoal gray with a red outline, those are his colors right?" Peter asked, sitting on a stool.

"Yes Mr.Parker, those are indeed Mr.Wilson's colors. What else shall I add?" Karen asked, everything he said to add being put on the holographic version of Sams suit.

"Let's give our buddy red wing some reflective panels, and add a medical examiner to notify hq when his levels are dropping. Ooh! And add some of those flash bangs in one of the suits compartments. Add an emergency knife too near the wrists in case he needs to escape any type of holdings." Peter listed, eventually getting up and pacing while he talked.

"I'm sure Mr. Wilson would be greatly appreciated of these upgrades, shall I tell him of what you've been doing?" Karen asked.

"No Karen, we'll just give the suit to mission experts and next time he goes out he'll get it. You know the drill." Peter stated, rolling his eyes.

"Sir, all the Avengers are incredibly great full of the weapons and suits you upgrade. Even James Rhodes, also known as War Machine, was eager to know who had upgraded his suit." Karen stated.

"I'm pretty sure he was eager to know how I had access to his suit rather than my upgrades, leave it be Karen." Peter said sighing.

"I will for now. May I suggest you sleep Peter? It has been 64 hours and you haven't eaten for 48 hours." Karen asked, her code still having Tony's worry built in.

Peter huffed. "Is anyone in the kitchen area upstairs?"

"No."

"I'll go eat or whatever then." Peter mumbled, walking over to the elevator.

"Thank you Peter." Karen said while he walked away.

He leaned against the elevator while it went up a floor, mostly just bored and for no reason hungry. Though he'd do it to keep Karen from ratting on him to Bruce.

When he reached the level and the soft ding of the elevator reminded him to stop zoning out he stepped into the empty and dark kitchen area.

He made his way to the fridge and pulled out some fruit and began making a fruit salad.

Even though he was dull didn't mean his food had to be too.

"Oh good morning, didn't know anyone else was awake." A new voice said walking into the room Peter didn't respond while he put away the fruit, only because he didn't hear him.

His spidey senses would've alerted him if a threat but he was mostly too gone in his head to notice the new person in the room.

He wasn't even thinking about anything.

## Chapter 2

Sam was confused upon entering the kitchen after his run, still in his workout clothes with some dampness to his forehead.

He gazed upon the kid who had just grabbed a fork from the drawer, though he must've heard him right?

He had seen him once or twice, though couldn't remember where. Maybe he was one of the computer guys from downstairs.

"Uhm, hello?" Sam tried again, stepping closer. But it seemed just as he entered the kids sight it clicked that Sam was talking to him.

"Oh, what was that?" He asked, looking up at Sam with big brown eyes.

Sams eyes showed confusion but he ended up brushing it off. "Just said I didn't expect anyone else to be up, and good morning." Sam said.

Peter nodded. "I'm usually up when I shouldn't be, good morning to you too."

Sam noticed the room was too dark to make out any defining features on the kids face besides his brown eyes, so he walked over to the light switch.

"It's pretty dark in here, how can you even see." He commented, turning on the light not noticing the flinch of the younger boy.

Sam proceeded to walk over to the fridge, opening it and grabbing a water bottle and a bagel accompanied by cream cheese. He grabbed a knife from a drawer and opened the cream cheese before beginning to toast the bagel.

Peter stared at the mans actions, completely confused that he didn't even realize he was starting conversation. "Why did you open the cream cheese before putting the bagel in the toaster?" He asked.

Sam chuckled a bit, before turning back to look at Peter and answer. At least until he saw how utterly exhausted Peter looked.

He had dark circles under his eyes, with flushed cheeks and his skin was too pale to be healthy. And he looked so uninterested in the food he had in front of him.

"Uhm, are you okay?" Sam asked, instead of answering the question.

Peter didn't seem too phased, he probably wouldn't see Sam after this unless they're passing each other in the hallway. They had never been paired for mission cause of their skill sets.

"Yeah." Peter simply answered, taking a bite of a strawberry.

Sam sighed, leaning against the counter across from Peter. "You're either one of the computer geeks downstairs who never sleep when they're guiding a mission or you should check out the useable psychiatrists on the second floor." Sam said.

"I've just been working on school work all night, by the way your bagel is burning." Peter stated, looking over at the smoke rising behind Sam.

"Oh shit!" Sam exclaimed, popping the bagel out of the toaster and groaning when he realized he burned it.

"Could be worst." Peter commented though without emotion.

And just like that the toaster was suddenly on fire and Peter watched the man run around and grab a cup of water.

"Water will make it-

Sam threw the water on the flame just to make it rise higher.

Peter sighed. "Worst." He muttered.

Sam squeaked and looked around for something, ended up ripping off his sweatshirt and beating the toaster with it.

The fire did go down at some point, though Peter felt his lip twitch up.

Sam was breathing heavily, leaning against the counter with his slightly charred sweatshirt in hand.

"If it makes you feel better, Karen probably caught it on tape so we can put it on the fire safety PowerPoint." Peter said, biting a raspberry.

His face was an emotionless mess, while Sam stared at him like he was insane. "Are you some sort of asshole?" He asked, still breathing heavily.

"Grade A asshole actually, enjoy your bagel." Peter said, putting his dishes in the sink and turning around to leave.

Peter heard Sam mutter "Dick." Under his breath, though he didn't think anything of it.

In a way he was an asshole, he's been numb to what he says or what goes on around him since he died. I guess that's what made him good for missions, his reaction is never one of panic.

With that thought Peter stepped in the elevator and went down, Sam watching him with a confused and pissed off look.

Sam was muttering curse words when Peter left the floor, staring down at his bagel like it was a broken diamond.

He ended up throwing it away, bringing some oatmeal out and quickly making some to enjoy.

"Who even was that?" Sam asked himself, Angrily biting his oatmeal while staring at the closed elevator.

"Who was who?" Wanda asked, entering the room.

Sam shrugged. "Some punk kid who was eating fruit while I beat a toaster senseless." He said.

Wanda raised an eyebrow. "I feel like I shouldn't really ask why you were beating a toaster." She said, her eyebrow raising.

"It was on fire." Sam added.

Wandas eyebrow raised higher. "Why was it on fire?"

"I burned a bagel." Sam admitted, smiling sheepishly at her.

Wanda shook her head in amusement. "And the kid was the punk?" She mocked with a smirk.

"Oh hush. He watched and didn't even panic while the toaster was on fire, didn't even get out of his seat. And proceeded to mock me afterward." Sam stated, groaning.

"How old was he?" Wanda asked.

Sam shrugged. "I don't know he was tired. Can't tell someone's age when they're tired."

"Well what was his name?" She asked after.

Sam shrugged. "Didn't ask." He stated.

Wanda sighed. "Next time, before we judge someone, lets get their name. Yeah?" She said.

Sam shrugged grumpily. "I'll ask if I see him again."

Wanda hummed, walking to the fridge and pulling out some eggs while Sam muttered 'not that I want to' under his breath.

"I heard that." Wanda stated.

"Ugh, not that it matters. I think he's one of the computer guys downstairs. We don't talk to them that much." Sam said, leaning back in his chair.

"Yeah yeah, has Scott been around lately?" Wanda asked.

"He's coming around in a few day's for a while, some mission talk." Sam said, shrugging.

Wanda nodded, setting up a frying pan and cracking an egg onto it.

"Do you have any missions this weekend? I'm pretty sure T'challa is stopping by." Wanda asked, adding light salt to her eggs.

"Nope, someone else picked my mission up so I'm free. We don't do that many anymore for some reason, not that I mind the free time." Sam said, shrugging.

Wanda nodded. "Yeah I heard some gossip from the secretary's, apparently Spider-Man has been coming and going a lot."

Sam looked surprised. "Oh, I forgot about him. Have we met him?" Sam asked.

Wanda shrugged. "Nothing I remember specifically, hopefully we run into him though. Perhaps it would be good to be friends with coworkers."

Sam nodded. "Maybe it would be."



## Chapter 3

Peter sighed while he sat in the lab, scribbling down quick notes as the door opened. He was more alert now so he let his eyes drift up to meet Happy's.

"Hey kid, how's it going?" Happy asked, walking over and sitting in the seat across from him.

If Peter were to tell you who his biggest friend was, it would probably be Happy. He checked in on Peter every week especially after May's death.

He and May had gone out on one date when everyone was back but the relationship didn't escalate due to her passing.

He was still some sort of uncle figure to Peter though, and Peter didn't mind his presence most of the time.

"Alright, working on some equations for the new web fluid. How about you?" Peter asked, looking up at Happy.

Now Happy wasn't dumb, he knew there was something wrong with Peter. He'd tried to get him to go to therapy but he wouldn't. So all he could do was check in on Peter when he wasn't working and make sure he didn't turn to killing himself. Sadly there wasn't much Happy could do.

"Been pretty good, have you met the team officially yet?" Happy asked, watching as Peter's eyes rolled.

"No I haven't." He said.

Happy raised an eyebrow. "Even though you've been working on their suits and weapons?"

Peter groaned. "Did Karen tell you?"

"That and the fact you haven't slept for 64 hours." Happy stated.

Peter gave Happy a heatless glare. "I'm fine Happy." He claimed.

Happy shook his head. "You know, when Tony and you met you were complete opposites. Only now do I realize that before everything happened you were the side of Tony that he always wanted to let out but never could. And now you're the side of Tony he let the world see, the one who didn't think he cared." Happy said, about to finish though Peter interrupts.

"Happy, I'm fine."

Happy put a finger up in attempts to silence him. "Tony let everyone else think he didn't care because he was trying so hard not to care one day it all poured out. One day Peter, it'll happen to you and you will break apart. I just hope you haven't pushed everyone away before that day, because no one should go through anything alone." Happy stayed, looking at Peter and giving him a reassuring smile.

"I'm not alone, I've got Karen." Peter said, raising an eyebrow.

"And I think you should meet Morgan." Happy stated.

Peter stared at him for a moment, looking confused. "Why? I was never close with Pepper it would

feel like intruding."

"But you knew Tony, Peter I don't think you realize this but-

Happy stopped mid sentence, his phone ringing. He picked it up and answered the call, saying some agreements to the other line before putting his phone down and hanging up.

"Get some rest Peter, I have to go and tomorrow is your birthday, I'm gonna drop by. I know it's only 11am but you need the extra sleep." Happy said, getting up from his seat.

Peters face held confusion. "My birthday isn't until-

"August 10th, I know. And it's tomorrow." Happy said patting Peters shoulder and turning around.

Peter stared blankly for a moment, waving back at Happy while they said their goodbyes.

After Happy left Peter did end up making his way to his bedroom and curling up in his bed. He stared at the wall beside it for a while, not really comprehending everything.

"I turn 18 tomorrow." He said to himself, his eyebrows scrunching together.

And he repeated those few words a couple of times, every time he said it he never believed it. It was like one of those math problems you forget to solve while you read them.

"Peter, shall I dim the lighting of the room? It might be hard to sleep with all the sunlight." Karen asked from the ceiling.

"Sure Karen, thank you." Peter said, his eyes feeling really heavy now as he snuggled deeper into the pillows while the room darkened.

And he fell asleep.

—//

Sam has gotten an odd call from one of the mission experts saying he should come down and take his new suit out for testing.

He wasn't aware he had a new suit.

So he wandered down to see the person he was on the phone with handing him a large and heavy box, most likely had the wings added as well.

Sam thanked him but before leaving he asked the man something.

"Why am I getting a new suit?" He asked, warily. Especially since he went rogue years back no one was really too fond of him.

"One of the higher up engineers sent it down, you'd have to ask them." The guy said, shrugging.

Sam raised an eyebrow. "What's their name?"

"Oh, they never really give their name. Rhodes was pretty freaked out too. I recommend just accepting the gift." The mission expert said, turning around and heading back to his office.

Sam looked confused but took the suit up to the floor with most of the Avengers rooms on, he sat in the living area that was for open use and stared at the box for a moment.

He then began opening it, using one of his pocket knives.

When he saw the suit he was amazed, the colors were mostly the same but they might've been a shade darker.

The weight in the box wasn't from the wings, which were definitely more light weight, it was from a new red wing.

Sam smiled, excited to try the new suit on.

## Chapter 4

When Peter woke up the next morning there was a twinge of old excitement for the date in the back of his throat. It died down when he failed to smell the store bought confetti pancakes burning in the distance while his aunt cussed.

And he failed to feel any more when he opened his phone and didn't see any text from tony that was underwhelming but he always ended up calling him later and inviting him to go out to the nearby carnival that happened to fall on his birthday.

"Mister Parker?" A woman's Irish voice questioned into the air.

Peter jumped, surprised and falling on the ground while he began to hyperventilating. "Who- wha- Friday?" He breathed out, his emotions coming up to his throat.

Peter pushes his emotions back down, taking a breath and standing up. "Friday, why are you activated?" He asked.

"I have a message." She said, making Peters throat clench.

"Friday, shut down." He stated, not being able to deal with the thoughts of Tony talking to her while making Peters suit upgrades.

"Are you sure?" She asked, somehow Peter heard hesitance in her tone.

"Yes." He stated, pushing the feeling in his gut down, and shaking his head.

He didn't hear Friday anymore and sighed in relief, beginning to start with his daily tasks.

It was only 5am and the sun hadn't rose in the sky yet, so Peter decided to to pull on some basketball shorts and his running shoes, heading to the outdoor track to ease his thoughts.

He was technically half naked, not wearing a shirt since his quick metabolism made his body heat high.

His torso was littered with small scars here and there that weren't visible unless you were paying attention, and a larger scar from his right collar bone to the top of his left peck.

He got it from an earlier mission right when he moved into the compound. He was so caught in his head about his aunt one of the ninjas he was facing got their katana to slice him deep enough the scar hadn't healed all the way.

In his defense it was much worst before.

Happy convinced him to go to the med bay and he passed out just as they got there into the sterile white floor.

If you looked close enough you could still see a tint of a pink in the med bay floors from his blood that they couldn't scrub out.

When Peter woke up in the white room of the med bay he felt nothing.

Sure there was the slight discomfort of the iv and the bandages wrapped around his neck and armpit to get a good hold on the cut, but the ache and burn of it didn't phase him.

The ache and burn of his grief didn't seem to reach him either.

Happy looked at him differently then, more pitiful glances sent his way with more meaning.

He was more worried and sometimes wished Tony was here to tell him what to do, he always knew how to make Peter feel better.

So when Peter got to the track and began running, only stretching his muscles a little bit while eager to feel the burn of his legs when he ran fast enough.

He wouldn't stop until he couldn't breath, eager to feel something rather than nothing.

He watched as his feet hit the ground without feeling the impact, watching his life go by through a movie screen.

And suddenly he stopped, in the middle of the track about 100 meters away from the door he walked in through.

Peter felt something.

A soft scream of his heart to cry, but only small tears fell down his face.

Peter feet slowly led back inside, his legs numb with a jello like feel.

Happy told him he would break down, and that felt like what was happening.

But not completely, he just felt loneliness hit him full on.

When his body reaches where he wanted to go he reached under his bed, pulling out his prescription medication.

He never told Happy he decided to see a psychiatrist, knowing he would make sure he took his meds.

So holding the bottle of Xanax in the air made the air going down his throat pause.

He tried it once, it only made him feel worst.

But if his genius mind remembered correctly, not being used to Xanax and having it in heavy amounts could kill you.

What was here anyway?

Happy wouldn't have to worry anymore.

There are more avengers around the compound, he wasn't needed.

Bruce would probably help with the teams upgrades, and if he couldn't Peter had a file dedicated to some he never put into affect for each avenger.

So after Peter opened the bottle he picked one of the bars up and put it in his mouth, swallowing it.

He repeated this.

Over

And

Over

Until they were all gone.

'This should be enough...please let it be enough.' He thought, hoping he would finally die and be rid of this motivation lacking mindset and cruel world.

He didn't feel anything for a while, and he sighed thinking he couldn't even kill himself correctly.

Then his hand twitched.

His shoulder too.

His heartbeat began going at a rapid pace, making his breaths grow shorter.

He was confused for a moment until a slightly twitchy and satisfied smile reached his face.

It felt good to feel nothing for a brief moment, the pain in his chest flowing to the back of his mind.

And he dropped to the floor, face down in the carpet of his room with the empty pill bottle rolling down with him. Cap and bottle unconnected.

His body started a seizure, his mouth foaming and after a short amount of time he stopped.

Body limp against the carpet, senses to the world turned off.

He couldn't even hear the scream of the man that entered his room.

"Get up."

Peters eyes snapped open, wide and confused. His heart was racing so much he could hear beeps-

Wait.

He looked around, noticing the familiar white walls and ceiling. Dressed in a hospital gown.

He was in the med bay, but when he looked around no one else was in the room with him.

Then who woke him? He questioned, peering at the iv in his arm that seemed to be a shade paler.

Something felt different, Peter lifted the arm without the iv and grazed his fingers over his ribs.

They were a little more visible than usual it seemed, not that he could see them but he felt the bumps clearly.

He paused, sitting up a bit with a grimace on his face. Peering down at the iv and groaning before ripping it out.

Peter groaned, pushing his hand under his gown to reach the tube that was attached to his penis. He pulled it off quickly, annoyed and blushing.

He really didn't want to meet the nurse who put that on.

The young man noticed the iv pump was beeping, so rolling his eyes he leaned over and pressed the stop button.

He didn't need nurses in here asking him about-

Oh.

Peter then remembered why he was there, huffing at the now noticeable ache in his stomach from probably pumping it.

He had a faded numbness, not feeling worried or grim, only dissatisfied.

He peered over to the steady beeping heart monitor, walking over and shutting it off the proper way. He took a nurse class for an extra credit last semester and it seemed to pay off.

He didn't want to deal with the nurses contacting Happy or the disappointment on their faces as they realize Spider-Man is a weak little boy.

Sliding off the clip on his finger he stood up, gasping as he realized how wobbly his legs were. "What the fuck." He cussed, sneering at his uncooperative muscles.

Slowly he got proper movement back, walking over to the door and peering out.

Right as he peered out he noticed Happy, dresses in a suit talking to a doctor with a noticeable solemn look on his face.

Peter looked closer, frowning when he saw the dark bags under the older mans eyes.

His plan on sneaking up to his room stopped when he noticed Happy's expression.

Even when no one else cared, at least he did.

Suddenly Peter felt like the same eight year old boy who was sad and confused when his aunt and uncle wouldn't tell him where his parents were.

He wanted to hide in his room, not face what was coming from seeing happy again.

But while peering out Happy's eyes trailed over to Peters door, his eyes widened by a fraction as words quickly flew out of his mouth to the doctor.

He was quick to walk over, a sadness covering his eyes at the sight of Peters childish eyes.

"Peter.." Happy said softly, watching as Peter let go of the door and let it open more.

The doctor followed Happy, surprise on his features as he walked to Peter with a slight pitiful smile.

"Happy.." Peter sounded, his voice raspy as he didn't realize how thirsty he was.

"Mr. Parker. I'd prefer if you stepped into your room so we can monitor your levels and get some liquids in you." The Doctor said.

He was a relatively short man, with crinkles around his eyes and circle glasses.

Peter looked at Happy who nodded down at him, making Peter retract back into the hospital room over to the bed.

"We had to pump your stomach after Mr. Hogan found you. So you might find yourself hungry and thirsty. You've been out for a few days as well, we were actually unaware if you were to wake up. With that metabolism though it seemed you've escaped death." The Doctor said with a reassuring smile.

"If you were unaware, the point was to die." Peter said with a blank stare.

Even if all he wanted to do was sit down next to happy, seeking comfort. He was still an ass.

The doctor cleared his throat, clearly uncomfortable.

"I'll Uh- send a nurse in to record your vitals and get you something to eat that will be easy on your stomach. Try to drink some water for now." The doctor said, turning around and leaving the room.

Once he left the room Peter felt how Happy was confused and scared to speak, staring at the ground in thought.

Peter grabbed the cup off the table next to him, sipping at the water at first but then chugged it as he realized how thirsty he was.

"You want some more?" Happy asked, bringing over the pitcher of water they provided.

"If I drink anymore I'll throw it up." Peter said bluntly, not reaching Happy's eyes.

Happy sighed, sitting on the end of Peters bed.

"You've been out for three days Peter, and the doctor said they didn't think you would wake up even with your spider DNA. Bruce tried to find out too, and came up with nothing since you wouldn't do any blood tests with him previously. He's distraught, you should check on him." Happy said, gazing over at Peter with a broken expression.

Peter stated back, hardly hearing what Happy was saying. "Happy?" He said, looking up questionably.

"Yes Peter?" Happy asked, placing a hand on Peters calf in a reassuring manner.

"Why didn't you let me die?"



## Chapter 5

Safe to say Sam was very confused, a few days ago there was a scream from the floor under his. When he checked he couldn't find anyone and a couple hours later he found Happy hyperventilating in the kitchen area.

When he asked what was wrong Happy waved him off, saying something along the lines of 'sorry not right now.'

Sam didn't want to think much about it, but he was called in for the mission on the weekend cause for some reason Spider-Man couldn't make it.

He was a little annoyed, rather have been notified sooner but didn't take it too personally. Sometimes we had emergencies.

So after his mission that was in a third world country, he always hated those. It always made him sad to think he was enjoying his free time while there are people wondering if their home will be blown up while they're asleep.

It made him queasy his first day back, and the tense atmosphere Happy kept giving off every time he came up to grab a glass of water didn't help.

Sam relaxed on the couch, spotting Bucky walk in and sit next to him with a confused look on his face.

"What is it?" Sam asked, having just gotten out of a shower.

"Someone's dying in the med bay." Bucky said, leaning back in his seat with his nose scrunched up.

"Who? Anyone I know?" Sam immediately asked, shoulders tensing.

"That's the thing, none of us know them." Bucky said.

He had gotten back from his mission the day before, his face freshly shaven and hair shorter than when he left. Bucky wore a pair of joggers and a t shirt.

"Hm, I suppose that's good then? Not that they're dying of course-

Sam started but was cut off.

"It's Spider-Man." Bucky stated.

Sams breath caught in his throat, Spider-Man?

"The vigilante?" Sam asked, confusion ridden on his face.

"Yes." Bucky responded.

Sam looked confused, gazing at Barnes. "How do you know?"

"Nurse gossip when I came in for my check up after my mission yesterday." Bucky said, sighing.

"I was looking forward to meeting him..it's sad that I never got to know him." Sam stated, looking

at the ground deep in thought.

"He's not dead yet, the nurse heard a doctor say he will most likely die in a week." Bucky said, staring at the wall in front of him.

"That explains why Happy is so upset. Do you know why he's in there?" Sam asked, looking over to Bucky with a head tilt.

Barnes took a breath, sitting up with his elbows on his knees. "Suicide." He stated.

God damn did those nurses talk a lot.

Sam stared at Bucky, confusion and disappointment on his face. "Holy shit."

"Yeah I know." Bucky muttered, looking sadly at the ground.

"I remember him being very..well..happy when we saw him at the airport." Sam said.

Bucky took a deep breath. "We never got to know him Sam, we didn't know what was going on in his head."

Sam nodded.

Both of them sat in silence for a while, stuck in thoughts of what ifs. They silently wished they could go back in time, not knowing Spider-Man has woken up an hour ago and was currently talking to Happy about spending the night in his room and ditching the med bay.

—//—

"The doctor wants me to send you to a psychiatric unit." Happy stated, leaning against the wall after a heart to heart with the young man in front of him.

"Absolutely not. If you think being surrounded by other suicidal people would help you're wrong. It'll only make me want to jump out a window." Peter said bluntly, staring at Happy with an eyebrow raised.

"That's what I told them, so they recommended I get you a therapist." Happy tried again with a hesitant smile.

"Talk about my problems to a stranger?"

"You wouldn't have to if you'd get some friends."

"Touché." Peter said to Happy's witty comeback.

"Just try it?" Happy pleaded.

Peter groaned, laying back in the medical bed. "Only if I can spend the night in my room. Especially since I'm not wearing underwear and-

"I got the picture, I'll talk to the doctors." Happy said with an eye roll.

Peter snickered at the man, getting up and walking to the bathroom with the cup they told him to pee in.

"You need anything else while I'm gone?" Happy asked, walking to the door.

"Maybe some weed." Peter said with big brown eyes and a playful lip sticking out.

"In your dreams, go pee in the cup dumbass." Happy stated, a more brightened smile on his face.

Peter giggled, walking in the bathroom with the cup in hand. Just because he was smiling now didn't mean there wasn't a part of him that wished he didn't fail at killing himself..

About two hours later he was allowed to leave the med bay, Happy grabbed him some sweats and a hoodie that for some reason lacked the string, also of course underwear.

The two headed too his room and Peter grimaced at the empty pill bottle on the floor, Happy was about to pick it up and go throw it away but Peter stopped him. "Can I keep it?" He asked Happy.

Happy was confused, but didn't see anything wrong with him keeping it besides mental battles though he'd have them anyway. "I guess." He eventually agreed, handing it to Peter who put it in his drawer.

"Should I be worried that all my pocket knives are gone?" Peter asked raising an amused eyebrow.

"It's for me, not you. I feel better if they weren't here, okay?" Happy stated, crossing his arms.

Peter sighed and nodded. "Okay Happy, I owe it to you." He said softly, peering up like a little kid.

"Take a shower, you stink. I'll go tell Bruce you're okay." Happy said, throwing Peter a towel and leaving the room.

Peter had a feeling he knew why his drawstrings were gone now, but he'd deal.

The last thing he wanted to do was disappoint happy again.

"I didn't let you die because you're Peter Parker. The strongest person I know, and god be damned if I let you go because you don't feel ready to take on the world. Peter I'm right here by your side, stop pushing people away and you'll have a lot more people to lean on. I promise."

## Chapter 6

Later that night Happy left, giving Peter a hug before leaving as Peter promised not to do anything rash that night.

The young man ended up hungry, wandering to the kitchen area at 12am. He hoped no one would be there but no luck yet again.

"Oh hey asshole." Sam bluntly greeted, rolling his eyes and continuing to eat a bowl of ice cream.

Peter rolled his eyes with a smirk on his face. "What kind of ice cream is there?" He asked, walking all the way into the room and going to the freezer.

"Rocky road and butter pecan." Sam said, scooping more of his up.

"Rocky road is the obvious choice." Peter said, grabbing the tub and a bowl from a cabinet.

"I'm actually a butter pecan kinda guy." Sam said, shrugging.

Peter looked over at him, raising an eyebrow in amusement. "What are you, 80?" He questioned.

Sam rolled his eyes. "No, just don't like chocolate."

Peter sniggered, grabbing an ice cream scooper and taking some of the Rocky road out.

"What's your name?" Sam asked, remembering he told Wanda he would ask the next time they saw one another.

The young man stabbed his spoon into the bowl of ice cream, putting the tub away as he answered. "Peter."

"Well Peter I'm Sam." Sam responded, taking another bite from his ice cream.

"I'd be dumb not to know that." Peter snarked.

"Right. You a computer boy?" Sam asked, watching as Peter sat down in the seat across from him. It gave the older man a view of the kids paler face and tired eyes.

For some reason Sam thought he looked whiter than the last time they met, his eyes squinting to get a better look.

"In a way, yes." Peter said, moaning at the taste of Rocky road in his mouth after only having blob like liquids from the med bay.

"You act like you haven't eaten in days." Sam said, chuckling. Maybe he wasn't so bad.

"I haven't." Peter stated, shrugging.

Sam raised an eyebrow, deciding not to press the matter and it probably wasn't his business anyway. "What do you mean in a way?" Sam asked instead.

Peter shrugged. "Depends on the day. Sometimes I'm working on the computer." He said, not really wanting to explain the Spider-Man thing right now.

Sam hummed, nodding and continuing to eat his ice cream.

They ate in silence for a few minutes, Peter was the one to surprisingly pick up conversation again.

"How was your mission?" He asked, mouth full of ice cream.

Sam didn't look up, assuming Peter knew about it because most of the computer nerds do. "It was good, wasn't really my skill set actually but I made do. Spider-Man was supposed to pick it up but I heard he's in the hospital.." Sam looked at his nearly empty bowl with a sad look.

Peter was mostly paying attention to eating, he didn't care if Sam knew he was Spider-Man but at the same time he'd rather not admit it right off the bat. He didn't feel like being judged right now for being in the hospital.

"Mm, interesting. I heard about that too." Peter said, eating more ice cream.

"Pretty disappointed I never got to meet him before..well yeah." Sam said, shrugging.

The young man wasn't fully invested in the conversation, mostly focused on the delicious frozen liquid he was putting in his mouth. "Yeah, a real shame." He said, not noticing how Sam's words were phrased.

"Anyway, off of sad topics. Why do you eat up here? Isn't there a large cafeteria with more food options a few floors down?" Sam asked, curious.

Peter shrugged, the cafeteria was out of his way and he hated seeing too many people or having to use his very prestigious ID card to get in places.

"Don't like the crowd." He simply said, getting up with his empty bowl. He noticed Sam had finished too, grabbing the older man's as well and putting it in the sink.

Peter was quick to begin washing them out, still a little half in half out from the pain meds they gave him.

It was ironic really.

Sam's eyebrows scrunched together. "I could've gotten that.." he muttered just loud enough to hear.

"No shit, let me try and be nice. Apparently I'm too pushy or something." Peter bluntly said, shrugging and putting the now clean dishes back in their rightful places.

"How charming." Sam snarked back, raising an eyebrow.

Peter actually chuckled at that, amusement clearly shown on his face when he turned back to Sam with a towel he was drying his hands with.

"Why you up so late anyway man?" Peter asked, placing the towel next to the sink.

Sam shrugged. "Bad idea to have coffee at 10pm." He simply stated.

Peter said a short cut 'psht' thinking of all the times he had coffee at 3am without sleep.

The older man chuckled. "And you?" Sam asked, raising a brow.

I'm afraid if I go to sleep I might wake up with an idea how to betray Happy.

"Just not tired." Peter instead said, shrugging.

"So when you're not tired you hang out in the Avengers kitchen area?" Sam said with a laugh.

It was true, this was usually the avengers area and not many people on lower floors had access up here. But if Peter could get here Sam thought he probably had high enough access.

"When I'm not tired I'm usually in the lab. When I'm not tired and my minds occupied I go to the kitchen." Peter said with an amused smile.

"Somethings occupying your mind then?" Sam asked, tilting his head.

Peter shrugged, leaning into the counter. He was curious why someone wanted to get to know him, especially since he was such a dick to them.

Perhaps this was for show, maybe there are signs he's not seeing that this guy wants to leave. Or he wants to get back at Peter for how he treated him the other day with some blackmail.

Somehow, Peter couldn't find it in himself to care. A longing numbness still in his chest.

"I suppose." Peter simply said.

Sam hummed, raising an eyebrow and leaning back in his seat. "Do tell."

Peters eyes snapped up to Sams face, examining his features for any ulterior motive to this conversation.

Eventually though, he gave up and sighed. "A friend of mine trusts me too much I guess. Has too much faith in me in a way. I kind of wish they didn't care about me." Peter explained, sort of beating around the bush.

Sams eyebrows shot up, expressing confusion and slight worry. "You wish they didn't care cause you don't think you can live to their expectations?"

I don't think I want to live

"Yes, it makes it difficult to do what I really want." Peter says, shrugging.

"Whatever you want to do that denies you're friends faith in you..well that should make what you want to do very questionable. Or at least question what you want to do." Sam said, looking a little perplexed.

Peter stared at the man for a moment, pressing his lips together while thinking of something to say. "When I was younger I questioned other things. Like what I wanted to do, my sexuality, my future, and even if I knew enough for an upcoming test. This is a little farther than that though. I wish it were easier." He explained, sighing.

Sam bit his lip, before speaking. "Do you wish it was an easier decision or wish that your friend was easy to let his faith of you go away?" He questioned.

Peter stopped breathing for a moment, his thoughts a little jumbled.

The young man thought he knew what he wanted, he wanted to die. Right?

But, Happy believed in him. He promised he would stand by his side and Peter couldn't be..couldn't be what?

His ever longing numbness didn't know what to think. Was he happy that his friend had faith? Or disappointed he couldn't die?

He was unaware of the answers to his questions, the only emotion he felt throughout the day was shame. And that was because he disappointed his only friend..

"I'm disappointed that my friend still has faith in me." Peter said, sitting back in his seat while staring at the floor.

"Listen dude, none of my business what you're going through but if you want to talk about it I'm always around somewhere." Sam said leaning over to put his hand on the younger mans shoulder.

Before his hand could touch though, Peter caught it. He stared at Sam like he had just killed a child, eyes wide and scared.

Oh, I guess that's another addition to Peters disappointing life.

Being molested as a child really did something to a person, including being untrusting. Not even Happy knew, but Peter grew close enough to him to never worry about him touching him the wrong way.

But there it was, a full on emotion coursing through Peters veins like a reality check.

Of course it had to be fear.

Sam stated at him, shocked and worried. Did he do something wrong? His mind went through many possibilities but he wouldn't accept many, after working at the VA he heard many horror stories and observed peoples behaviors.

Perhaps Sam knew what caused this reaction, but he wouldn't admit it to himself.

"S-sorry." Peter sputtered, letting go of Sams hand and getting up prepared to leave.

"Are you okay Peter?" Sam asked, looking worried.

Peter was backing away towards the elevator, keeping his eyes on Sam. "Yea-yes. I just..don't like being touched. Uhm, I'm gonna go. Have a nice day- or night. Yeah. Okay." Peter babbled, quickly turning and not feeling like waiting for the elevator, instead rushing down the stairs to reach his room.

Safe to say, Sam was confused.

## Chapter 7

Happy ended up making sure Peter was excused from any missions for two weeks, so the young man was almost always bored in the lab making upgrades.

But this also meant that the other avengers got his missions.

"We've been having a lot lately, they aren't even our skill set." Wanda said, biting an apple while talking to Sam and Scott.

Sam decided to ignore the girls words, not wanting to think of what he knew.

"Yeah, didn't that spider guy usually take these kind? We don't usually fight ninjas. Not our kind of scene." Scott said, reading his new missions paperwork.

Sam was set to go out that after noon for a mission, already dressed and ready to get into a building that supposedly the ten rings had people in. It was in Japan and he was in no ways prepared for what he would be against.

It's not that he wasn't a good fighter but he was from the military, not karate class. This wasn't his fight style and apparently ninjas deflect bullets with their swords?? Like what the fuck.

And it had only been a week since Peter was suspended from missions..god damn.

So he did what anyone who was definitely worried about the mission going wrong, not about the guy facing men with different strengths than he had.

He watched his vitals and his location, having Karen give him reports of what was going on every two minutes while he upgraded the parts of Sams suit he saw some irritability with.

And Peter watched as Sam made a sharp left turn from the med bay when he got back, his blood pressure clearly dropping while he decided to go to the kitchen area at 4 in the morning.

"What the hell Sam? You're gonna bleed out. Why aren't you going to the med bay?" Peter whispered, quickly asking Karen to pull up cameras in the kitchen.

When the cameras opened on the holoscreen he quickly noticed Sam leaning against the counter in clear pain from some sort of wound on his abdomen.

Peter muttered profanities to himself, looking around a quickly spotting a small med kit he kept in the lab at all times.

He was quick to grab it, jogging over to the elevator and waiting impatiently for it to arrive.

-

Sam was in the process of avoiding the med bay at all costs, for a variety of reasons really.

Perhaps it was the trauma of watching his best friends heart monitor go flat.

Maybe that one time he thought Cap would die in the hospital.

Or maybe the fact he lightly blamed himself for Spider-Man and didn't wish to hear the nurses talk about it.



So he went up to the kitchen to get an ice pack, promptly avoiding the red liquid that was coming from his lower abdomen.

Was that why he was feeling a little woozy?

The sword one of the mercenaries had got a good hit on him.

While he was mumbling random things to himself, he hardly noticed the pissed off and annoyed 18 year old marching towards him.

"You stupid bitch!" He yelled, making Sams eyes widened as he was currently fully focused on the angry brunette.

Hey, he kind of looks like Bambi.

"Why aren't you in the med bay?" Peter asked, crossing his arms.

Sam crosses his arms back, raising an eyebrow but looking down at his wound he just took his hand off of. "Don't like the med bay, plus it isn't that bad. How'd you even know?" Sam slurred, loosing blood rather quickly.

"I got notified you're FUCKING DYING! Sit down right now." Peter scolded, pointing to a chair.

Sam mocked him under his breath, flopping down on the chair and looking around a little confused.

Peter was muttering stuff about irresponsible superheroes. "Take off your shirt and press it on the wound while I get stitching supplies out." He ordered, eyes stern.

Sam was looking up at him, not fully registering what Peter said for a moment. Once he did he slowly took his shirt off, now seeing the gruesome wound that thankfully missed anything important.

Once it was off he bunched it together, pushing it down onto the wound and wincing. "It kinda hurts." Sam whined, looking tired from the blood loss.

"No shit. Lean back." Peter stated, pulling out some supplies to clean it up.

Sam surprisingly did as he was told, though his mind wandered on where the other avengers were.

Probably sleeping.

Sam whimpered as Peter pulled off the shirt and poured on some alcohol, clenching his teeth from the pain.

Peter couldn't help his heart pang from that, fear being the main emotion guiding this. And of course worry for his kinda sorta friend.

"The bleeding is lightening up, I'm gonna have to stitch it but I don't know where my numbing stuff is." Peter said softly, sighing at the end and looking up at Sam with his big brown eyes.

"I might have to go on without unless you want me to take you down to the med bay." Peter said, looking at Sam as he was going between realities.

"Uhm, I really don't like hospitals. Ju-just give me a rag. Please?" Sam asked, his head wavering side to side a few times.

Peter winced at that and nodded, getting up from where he was cleaning Sams wound and rubbing his head for a short moment.

He then grabbed a clean towel from a drawer, handing it to Sam who stared at it for a moment while Peter pulled the needle and thread out and kneeled down by the older man.

Looking up at Sam for permission to proceed Sam nodded to Peter, putting the rag in his mouth and lightly biting down.

—//

Twenty minutes later while both of them were sweating for different reasons Sam lost too much blood to walk far and ended up falling asleep on the couch after Peter put medical wrap around the wound.

Peter decided he would only stay around so that he knew Sam wouldn't get a fever within the next two hours but ended up falling asleep next to him on the floor.

## Chapter 8

"Who is he?"

"Do I look like I know?"

"Sam probably does, I wonder why he isn't in the med bay.."

"You know how stubborn he is, should we do something?"

Peter noticed the noise, partially awake during the two voices conversation. Immediately when he woke up he felt how sore his back was- wait. Was he sleeping on the ground?

His eyes opened, groaning as he got up, his eyes quickly widened when they landed on Wanda and Bucky who seemed surprised and confused.

Peter didn't pay too much mind to them, cracking his back and moaning in relief. When he glanced to his right he noticed Sam was laying there fast asleep, breaths even with bandages on him.

The young man got all the way up, walking away a little bit and turning toward Wanda and Bucky.

"You got this?" He asked, still in the process of walking away while half asleep.

Wanda's eyebrows scrunched together while Bucky looked on confused. "What?" He questioned.

Peter just gave them a thumbs up and pressed the button for the elevator.

"Who even are you?" Wanda asked.

Peter waved his hand in the air while yawning. "I'm a computer dude, see y'all around." He said, getting in the elevator and pressing the button to his floor.

Right when the elevator doors closed, Bucky and Wanda looked at each other with confused facial expressions.

"I really hope Sam knows him..should we wake him up?" Wanda asked, examining his injury.

"Let's wait for him to get up, he looks pretty drained." Bucky said, sighing and going to get Sam a glass of water for when he wakes up.

"That guy must have pretty high access to get up here." Wanda stated, sitting on the couch opposite from Sam's.

"I'm sure there's an explanation." Bucky said from the other room.

"Mhm..I hope so."

—//—

"Hey Happy, what are you doing here?" Peter greeted, confused on the man in his lab area with his eyebrow raised.

"Bruce didn't see you this morning, called me to make sure you're okay." Happy said making Peter glance to Bruce across the lab messing with test samples.

"Well I'm fine-

"Is that blood!" Happy exclaimed, making Bruce look over eyes wide.

"It's not mine Happy, calm down." Peter said, pinching the bridge of his nose as to blood on his shirt.

"Whose is it then?" Happy questioned, crossing his arms.

"Just Sam, he was injured and I cleaned up his wound." Peter muttered, shrugging with an embarrassed blush on his face.

"Oh!! You met Sam? Did you introduce yourself to all of them?" Happy said with a look of glee on his face.

Peter shrugged. "Just a few, I guess." He said, timidly.

Happy was smiling like he won the lottery, walking over and patting Peters shoulder. "Good job Peter, I'm proud of you for finally getting out of your shell."

Peter smiled half heartedly, he didn't necessarily introduce himself all the way. He didn't want to tell Happy that though.

"Karen told me you've been doing better, is that true?" Happy asked, a soft expression on his face.

Peter shrugged, staring at his feet. "I've been sleeping and eating more.." he mumbled.

Happy grinned. "That's good, how are you feeling? Don't forget you have your psychiatrist appointment today. Hired him on just for you, he's supposed to be really good. Main floor, room 313."

"I'm better, I think. And yeah, I know. 4pm, right?" Peter assured, a small smile on his face.

"Yep! Don't be late. I also picked you up some breakfast from that diner you like, it's on your bed." Happy said, patting Peters back and turning to leave.

"Thanks Happy." Peter said, a small grin on his face.

"Yup yup, call me later and tell me how the appointment goes." He said, getting in the elevator and waving goodbye.

After the doors closed, Peter sighed.

Bruce smiled just way. "You doing okay?" He asked.

Peter nodded. "Yeah, I think so. I'll see you later Bruce." He stated, walking out of the lab on the way to his room.

When he got to his room he smiled at the sight of the bag on his bed, when looking inside he smiled at the scent of pancakes inside the styrofoam container.

He ate alone, as per usual, but definitely calmer than usual too.

—//—

"Morning Bird." Bucky greeted, making Sam groan at the sudden soreness in his lower abdomen.

"What happened? Shit." Sam cursed, sitting up slowly.

"You tell me." Bucky chuckled, sitting on the same couch as Wanda after they'd been chatting.

After Sam propped himself up on his elbows he went through last night's events. He got slashed and didn't want to go to the med bay, instead he went to the kitchen.

He remembered Peter walking in looking worried for Sam and telling him to sit.

Sam smiled at the memory of Peter helping to wrap him up, even stitching his wound.

"Oh..I remember.." Sam said, a smile on his face making Wanda raise a brow.

"Feel free to explain cause we're very confused on why there was a dude sleeping on the floor next to you." Bucky said, crossing his arms.

Sam's smile grew wider. "Peter stayed the night?" He asked, tilting his head.

Wanda laughed. "Yes he did Sam, mind telling us why he was here?" She asked.

"He cleaned my wound up and stitched it, ooh water.." Sam said, grabbing the bottle of water off the coffee table and quickly chugging it.

Wanda and Bucky exchange looks. "Yeah we got that, who the fuck is he?" Bucky asked.

Sam shrugged. "Just a computer guy."

"Computer guys don't have access up here." Wanda stated, giving an underwhelmed look.

"Then who does?" Sam questioned, tilting his head.

"Avengers, high level scientists, and mission experts." Bucky said, leaning back in his seat.

Sam hummed. "Well, then I don't know who he is. He's cool though."

"Should I be concerned??" Wanda asked her arms crossed with a confused expression on her face.

"I hope not." Sam said with a sheepish smile.

—//—

The rest of the day seemed normal, Sam rested in his room for a few hours but got anxious and ended up walking around the compound, it was really a nice place and now he was appreciating all the technology.

The people walking around gave him smiles as they passed, he was on one of the main levels just wandering with no destination in mind.

Bucky said he'd look into Peter, apparently he didn't trust him or something. For some reason though Sam did.

I guess that's why his heart dropped when he saw the boy speed walking down the hallway with tears trailing down his face.

## Chapter 9

Peter knew he shouldn't have gone, the only reason he went was for Happy.

His heart was racing from the events that just happened beforehand, his hands shaking and his eyes watering up while he attempted to avoid the gazes of people he walked by.

God did Peter wish he would just die already, why did Happy have to interfere? Why did he have to care so much about Peter?

All he does is cause the man stress..

"Peter, are you okay?" A voice asked, escaping into Peters thoughts.

Peter tried walking away, putting his head down as he was silently hiccuping and hyperventilating. He wanted to avoid whoever it was and hope they never saw him this vulnerable again.

"Peter!" The voice said louder, putting their hand on his shoulder.

Peter tensed up, but the man talking to him gave him some sort of relief?

So he looked up into the face of Sam Wilson, the man he stitched up the night before.

"What's wrong? Oh god you look terrible, come on let's go clean you up." Sam said, leading Peter by his elbow to the elevator.

Peter wouldn't stop hyperventilating, a thing that happened when he panicked. It was a horrible and heartbreaking sound.

"I-I'm s-s-sorry." Peter said, trying to calm down the involuntary action.

"You helped me, I'll help you. Just try to calm down for me." Sam said, walking them into the elevator and going to his floor.

Peter gave Sam a shaky nod, his shoulder tensing as the doors shut. But for some reason he felt a little more at ease than he would think.

Sam gave the young man small 'shh's to hang onto, calming him down though the hyperventilating didn't stop.

When the doors opened Sam quickly led Peter to a room at the end of the hall, opening the door and closing it behind him.

Peter was too shaken up to feel anything of the action, Sam sat him down on the bed that had been neatly made with small knickknacks and pictures of family and another soldier around.

Not that Peter noticed, he was still a sobbing mess.

He could hear water running in the bathroom when Sam went out of sight, Peter did notice that Sam was moving around a little rougher than he would, this was definitely due to the wound.

When Peters eyes found Sams again, Sam had leaned down in front of Peter and wiped his cheeks with a warm wet rag.

"You're okay, I promise you're okay hun. Breath with me." Sam instructed, softly wiping over Peters eyes.

Peter listened intently to Sams breathing, attempting to sync with him and it was partially working besides a few random inhales Peter had.

Sam had been wiping the dried tears from Peters face, kneeling down so he was at his height while he did it.

At a point while the rag was on his cheek Peter leaned into it, giving Sam a thankful look making the older man give him a soft smile.

It was silent for a moment, Peters eyes were closed while Sam wiped his face putting him at ease.

"How is your wound?" Peter asked, his voice raspy and small.

"It's perfect, thank you. Can you point your chin up for me?" Sam asked, smiling when Peter did as asked.

Sam put the wet towel on his neck, making the boy sigh in relief.

"I'm sorry for this.."Peter said, a whimper almost making its way out of his mouth but he stopped it.

"It's okay Peter, I promise. If anything I should be sorry for hav-

"You were a darling patient if it makes you feel any better." Peter joked, a small smile on his face while looking at Sam.

Sam chuckled, rubbing the rag around Peters temples. Crying that hard is bound to give him a headache. "Still, I should've gone to the med bay."

"If you did, my life would be boring." Peter said with a teasing grin, waiting for the inevitable questions to leave Sams mouth.

Sam gave a half smile, it began wavering a bit while he observed Peters flushed cheeks. "Do you want to talk about it?" He asked, taking the rag down from Peters face.

Peters grin fell, thinking about the events that happened twenty minutes before. "I probably should, apparently it's healthy or something.." he said, clearing his throat.

"Don't feel pressured." Sam said resting his elbow on the knee that was propping him up.



Peter stared at Sam for a moment, taking in his features. His side was probably giving him so much pain and he was pushing them away to talk to Peter.

"Have you changed the bandages? Had any fevers?" Peter asked, his eyebrows pressed together.

"Wanda changed them earlier, no fevers." Sam stated, a soft smile on his face.

Peter smiled a bit, though it was forced.

"You don't need to talk about it." Sam said, raising an eyebrow.

*"Pushing people away won't get you anywhere."*

"Where did letting them in get me?"

"I don't know, because you won't tell me."

"I don't want to tell you because I already know the look you'll give me, I don't like that look."

///

*"Come on Peter, work with me. Happy told me such good things about you, that you're as smart as Einstein."*

///

"I had a psychiatrist appointment today." Peter stated, staring at Sam's door in thought.

"How was it?" Sam asked, sighing as he already knew it wasn't good.

"Bad." Peter said, laughing a bit with his eyes watering up once again.

"I figured." Sam said with a sad smile.

Peters gaze moved onto Sams eyes, they seemed to be searching for something in them and then it seemed like he found what he was looking for.

"Do you want to be my friend Sam?" Peter asked, tilting his head.

Sam raised an eyebrow. "I'm already your friend."

Peter had a smile grow on his face. "Good..that's good.. I've been told I push people away or something.." Peter said, waving it off.

"Oh you do..I'm just kinda stubborn." Sam said with a teasing smile.

Peter now had a full on genuine smile on his face. "That's good..yes, that's good.. Uhm, d-do you wanna like? Go somewhere else? Like Uhm a diner or something? I kinda feel stuffy." Peter asked, biting his lip and looking at Sam with desperation.

"Sure, yeah..I can do that. I can't drive though so-

"It's okay, I'll drive. I like driving." Peter said, chuckling.

—//—

"This place is cute." Sam commented, looking around the pancake house that was still open at 6pm.

"Mhm, it's a nice place. Good food." Peter said, staring at the table in confusion.

"Are you okay?" Sam asked,tilting his head.

Peter gazes up at him and nodded. "Yeah I just..I don't have many friends for obvious reasons. I used to, but..yeah." He said awkwardly.

Sam smiled at him. "I don't bite, unless you need me to bite someone?" Sam questioned with a teasing smile.

Peter giggled, they had already ordered their drinks and were waiting for the lady to arrive with them. So awkward conversation it is.

"Anyway, why'd you bring me here?" Sam asked, before Peter could answer the lady came back with their drinks.

They both ordered something to eat and she smiled and then left them to the awkward conversation.

"Why'd you bring me here?" Sam asked again, raising an eyebrow.

"Don't push people away..don't push people away.." Peter kept whispering under his breath, the words only half heard by Sam.

"You okay?" Sam asked, tilting his head.

"I just want you to know that sometimes I don't like-

Peter cleared his throat in the middle of his sentence.

"Remember when I freaked out on you when you touched me the other day?" Peter asked, pulling at his sleeves under the table.

Sam nodded. "Yeah I do."

"I just want you to know it wasn't your fault, I just- I..I have bad experience with men- well man? And I need you to know you didn't do anything. And.. my psychiatric appointment today made me remember that man and freak out..so that's why you found me how you did.." Peter rushed out, looking up at Sam with a small watery smile.

Sam could feel his heart skip a beat, he hated that he might know what Peter had gone through. He tried to let the idea of someone hurting Peter like that leave him but he couldn't. "Okay. thank you for telling me..is your psychiatrist okay? Should I report him?"

Peter gazed up and one look at the supportive smile on Sams face he smiled back. "No..he didn't know what he said would trigger memories. But Uh, are you sore at all?" He asked, trying to get a look at the other mans torso.

"Just a little bit but I'll be okay." Sam said, giving a smile at the younger man.

"Okay cool..cool." Peter said, a light embarrassed blush on his cheeks.

"Hey." Sam said, getting the youngest attention.

"Yeah?"

"If you ever wanna talk about anything, I'm always around." Sam said, smiling.

"Actually, here." Sam said, pulling out his phone.

"What?" Peter questioned, tilting his head.

"Type in your number Petey." Sam said with a chuckle, making Peter blush and put in his contact, after he handed it back to Sam.

Sam texted Peter a quick 'hi'. "Now you have my number too." He said, smiling like he won the lottery.

"Thanks Sam." Peter said, smiling back.

## Chapter 10

The diner was nice after their awkward chat, when they got food they began to tell jokes and short stories of their family. Though Peters was mostly vague with his.

"No no no, and she actually says that I'm the wrong one! That the sun isn't a planet!" Sam exclaimed.

"It's not Sam!! It's a star!" Peter yelled back, completely hysterical while laughing.

Sam began laughing again, but suddenly his face dropped.

"What's wrong?" Peter immediately asked, eyes now wide.

"Shit..I think the stitches broke." Sam said, bringing his hand up away from his stomach to show some blood on it.

"Oh no, oh god let me see." Peter said, getting out of his seat.

Sam adjusted in his seat to be sitting on the edge of the booth, wincing at the movement.

"We can't do anything here, can we go to the bathroom?" Sam asked, looking around to see the waitresses walking around.

"Can you get to the bathroom?" Peter asked, looking at the now bloodstained shirt Sam had on.

"Yeah yeah, can you just give me a hand?" Sam asked, pleading with his eyes.

"Of course." Peter answered, observing as Sam wrapped his arm around Peters shoulder.

Peter wrapped his arm around Sams upper back, pulling him up without agitating the wound.

"You're stronger than you look." Sam said, raising an eyebrow.

"You have no idea." Peter said, beginning to walk them to the bathroom.

—//-

When they got to the bathroom it was thankfully a single person so Peter put the toilet lid down so Sam could sit.

Sam groaned once he sat, Peter was quick to pull his short off making Sam blush but watch as the young man examined the situation.

"Only two broke, nothing that'll kill you but definitely make you a little woozy. Lean back so I can wrap it." Peter said.

"You actually have medical wrap with you?" Sam asked, confused.

"I'm paranoid, lean back." Peter instructed again, not wanting to tell him he had medical supplies on him for himself.

"Okay okay~ouch." Sam said, leaning back and opening his legs so Peter could stand between them to dress the wound. It sounded much weirder that it was.

"Imma have to dab some alcohol on it so it doesn't get infected, okay?" Peter said, grimacing and he kneeled onto one knee on the dirty bathroom floor.

"Okay, yeah that's fine." Sam said, biting his lip while Peter opened the small pocket sized bottle.

"It's gonna be okay, why don't you tell me about how you got this actually?" Peter asked, though he already knew.

"I was on a mission that had way too many-Ow~ ninjas and one of them got me good." Sam said.

Peter nodded, bandaging the wound now. "That's pretty badass."

"Not really, it's not my usual mission but since Spider-Man is out of commission I had to do it." Sam said, inhaling sharply when Peter started wrapping it, once done he handed Sam a few antibiotics which he took instantly

"You did well though, and sorry about that. Smooth sailing here on." Peter said with a supportive smile.

"Good, and I like to think I did well on the mission since I got it done. Maybe not as smooth as I'd like to." Sam said with a smile.

"Your shirt may be ruined but the wound looks good Sam." Peter said, handing Sam his shirt back.

"You know, I enjoy your sharp tongue more than I'd like to admit." Sam randomly said, a wave of wooziness most likely starting to set in.

"You want me to be an asshole more?" Peter said with a chuckle.

"You aren't an asshole." Sam grumbled, trying to slip his shirt on.

"Yeah, tell that to everyone else." Peter said with a smile. Watching Sams sloppy movements.

"Do you- let me." Peter insisted, taking Sams shirt from him and placing it around his neck before helping him slip his arms through.

"You lost more blood than I thought Sammy." Peter said with a smile.

Sam looked up at him with wide eyes and a tilted head. "Oh..can we go home?" He asked.

"Mhm, sure thing. The checks been paid already so let's go, still need a hand?" Peter asked though he knew the answer.

"Yeah I do, please?" Sam asked, his eyes wide and puppy like.

"Sure, cmere." Peter said, hooking his arm under Sams and lifting.

—//—

When they finally got to the car Sam was mumbling something about how he wants orange juice and Peter was chuckling.

"There's orange juice at the compound, why don't you sleep a little bit?" Peter said, knowing it would be at least a 30 min drive back.

"You don't want my company?" Sam whined.

"I do, I do. But I thought you might want to nap." Peter defended with a smile.

"It's okay if you don't want my company, just tell me, you know?" Sam said, with a shrug.

Peter sighed. He knew the blood loss would affect him, as well as the antibiotics, just not this much. "I like your company Sam, I promise." Peter assured, starting the car and putting his hand on Sam's wrist.

"I don't think Steve liked my company." Sam randomly said, a moment later.

"Why wouldn't he like your company?" Peter asked, his eyebrows squeezing together.

"I don't know, but maybe if he did he wouldn't have left. You know?" Sam said, sighing.

"Well, then Steve doesn't know what he's missing." Peter said, making Sam smile.

"I wish you could've met the Avengers at their peak, gosh. They never got back together cause Tony had some sort of grudge against Cap.." Sam said, making Peter freeze.

"What?"

"Yeah, Cap tried to get in contact with him but apparently they didn't actually talk because Tony was still mad at him for going against Ross or sumthin. I dunno." Sam said, lazily shrugging.

Peter felt his breathing get a little heavier. "Who told you that?"

"Cap." Sam easily responded.

"Just you-or?"

"Just me and Wanda, Bucky was getting plums when he told us." Sam said, looking out the window.

"Sam."

"Hm?"

"Steve lied to you.." Peter whispered just loud enough to hear.

"Nah Steve wouldn't lie, though I'm now bound to the accords anyway so I guess running was for nothing.." Sam said.

"So I guess you don't know in Sokovia Tony found out Bucky killed his parents while being the winter soldier? And Steve knew? Lied to him for two years." Peter said, remembering how Tony wouldn't leave his lab for days and when he finally told Peter what happened Peter was pissed.

"What?" Sam asked, his eyes darting to Peter.

"Yeah, that's why Tony was mad. Given he did attack after, but wouldn't you if you found out the person you thought was your friend was protecting the person who killed your parents?" Peter said, watching the road.

"Yes, absolutely..holy shit, Steve never told me that. I thought Tony was a dick for attacking when I told him to go there as a friend. Shit, I've been a vet counselor for a while and that must've been traumatic for Tony..I wish I could apologize." Sam said, a sad frown on his face.

"I'm sure he knows, somehow." Peter said, for once feeling normal around someone.

"I sure hope so.." Sam said, blinking a few times.

Five minutes later Sam was asleep on the window, soft snores coming from him making Peter smile.



## Chapter 11

After Sam and Peter got back Peter made him go to sleep, leaving after Sams eyelids closed and he fell asleep.

Peter trailed back to the elevator from Sams room, giving a small nod to Wanda who stared at him curiously.

"Hey kid, where have you been?" Happy asked right when Peter arrived at the lab.

"Who called you?" Peter asked, not making eye contact with Happy and walking straight to his area to start pulling up suit outlines.

"The psychiatrist." Happy said with a sigh.

"Mm, I'll keep going if you want me to." Peter said, typing something on the holoscreen.

"You're an adult Peter, but why did you run out?" Happy asked, leaning against Peters desk.

Peter was biting the inside of his cheek, concentration on his features while he stared intently at the screen.

"Peter? Are you gonna answer?" Happy asked, huffing.

"Do I have to?" Peter asked, pulling up Bucky's suit. It was usually just a jacket and cargo pants but Peter wanted to change that.

"I suppose not.." Happy voiced.

"Good." Peter said, a bit of relief in his voice.

"You have a mission tomorrow." Happy said, arms crossed.

"Finally? Thank god, I was beginning to get bored." Peter said with a grin.

"It's a few days long, just some of the ten rings again. You up for it?" Happy asked, putting a hand on Peters shoulder.

"Sure am! What time?" Peter asked, a smile resting on his face.

"4am, sharp. Stay safe and remember you should make sure your team is under commands-

"I know I know, leading a few shield agents is fine." Peter said, shrugging.

"Good, keep to the mission." Happy said, patting Peters shoulder and turning toward the doors.

"Will do, stay safe out there Hap." Peter said, creating Bucky a Jacket with some addition add ons.

"Always am, stay safe Parker." Happy's said before leaving.

Peters work space was silent for a few minutes, making adjustments to Bucky's get up while reading his mission on another holoscreen.

"Hey Peter, new mission?" Bruce asked, walking in with a bunch of papers in his hands.

"Yup, how's the project Bruce?" Peter asked, knowing that Bruce was working on some sort of healing ointment for individuals with accelerated healing.

"It's going good, I think I almost got it." Bruce said, a little surprise on his face from the fact Peter was actually talking to him.

"You know Wakanda has a special herb there that is good for healing, I'm sure I get get you some from Shuri. They have high quantities." Peter offered, having had talked to Shuri a lot before his aunt died.

"That would..be great. Thank you Peter.." Bruce said, a ghost of a grin on his face in disbelief.

"Sure, I'll shoot her a text now." Peter said, opening his phone and texting Shuri.

"Um~ what are you working on?" Bruce asked.

"Just a leather Jacket for Bucky that includes some weapons and heart rate monitors just in case." Peter said nonchalantly.

"Oh cool, I'm sure he'll love it." Bruce said with a smile.

"I sure hope so." Peter said with a teasing smile over at Bruce.

Bruce grinned, looking down at his work. He was definitely happy Peter seemed to be better.

"How you feeling Pete?" He asked, not having had talked to Peter about his hospital trip yet.

"I'm better, I think. It's nice to be back." Peter said with a shrug, moving some things around on the holoscreen.

"Good." Bruce said, chuckling and continuing to work.

—//—

"What are you up to?" Bucky asked, Scott right next to him in the kitchen while Sam was limping over.

"A few of my stitches broke so suffering." Sam said, nonchalantly and sitting in a kitchen stool. He looked freshly rested but still tired.

"How'd you get wounded?" Scott asked, not caught up.

"Ninjas." Bucky and Sam said at the same time.

"Oh, gotcha. Looks painful." Scott said with a chuckle.

"Yep, I know. It is. How's Cassie?" Sam asked, tilting his head.

"She's good! Starting a new grade..geez, she's in middle school already." Scott said with a sigh.

"She like middle school?" Bucky asked, just chipping into conversation.

"I sure hope so, and if any of the little kids talk crap to her-

"I'll make sure to break their knee caps, can't have you going to prison again." Bucky said with a chuckle.

Sams eyebrows scrunched together, remembering an earlier conversation with Peter.

"Hey Buck? Can I talk to you?" Sam asked the grandpa brunette.

Bucky glanced at Scott then nodded.

Scott put his hands up, getting up and turning to leave the room. "You guys can have your talk, I'll go chit chat with Wanda." He said with a chuckle, leaving the room.

Once he was gone Bucky was giving him a confused look. "What's up?"

"Did you kill Tony's parents when you were under hydra control?" Sam immediately asked, staring at the table intently.

Bucky was silent for a moment. "Yeah..I thought you knew that?" He said, confused.

"I didn't." Sam said, sighing.

"What? Steve was sup-

"Steve lied to me and Wanda." Sam interrupted.

Bucky's eyes widened. "Oh..I didn't think Steve would ever lie..does that fact make you uncomfortable around me?" He asked timidly.

"No, I already knew your past it's just..I didn't know that one exactly. All this time I thought Tony and Steve were apart cause of the accords but in reality Steve lied..it kinda makes me think." Sam said, sighing.

"There's nothing we can do about it now..I wish me and Tony could've gotten the closure we needed but we won't. We can never get that now." Bucky said, staring down at his lap.

"I'm sorry..you don't deserve what happened to you." Sam said, gazing over to Bucky with sad eyes.

"It is what it is." Bucky said, shrugging.

"Hey, I saw Peter leave your room earlier. What happened?" Wanda asked, walking in with Scott following her like a lost puppy.

"I tried to tell her you guys were having a heart to heart or something but-

"It's fine Scott." Sam said with a small laugh.

"Peter was around earlier?" Bucky questioned, raising an eyebrow.

Sam nodded. "We went out to eat and he made me laugh so hard my stitches broke." Sam said, leaving out a lot of it.

"Must be a nice guy then..I think. Still don't know who Peter is." Scott said, chipping into the conversation.

"Neither do we." Bucky and Wanda said at the same time.

"I promise he's not gonna kill you guys in your sleep, alright?" Sam said, huffing.

"Then what does he do?" Bucky asked, raising an eyebrow at Sam.

"I don't know." Sam said, shrugging.

"So he's gonna kill us in our sleep, okay." Wanda said, giggling.

"Who is?" A new voice added.

The group looked over to the elevator to see Rhodey dressed in casual wear, his face had confusion written all over it.

Surprisingly Rhodey didn't know Peters identity either, Tony didn't feel the need to get scolded for letting a kid in on a fight.

Peter was only familiar with Bruce, Tony, and Happy. He did know Nat too..but well..yeah.

"There's a guy named Peter with access here, he and Sam are friends." Bucky said, briefing the situation.

"Peter..? I'm not familiar." Rhodey said, his nose scrunching up.

"None of us are either!" Wanda exclaimed.

"Neither is any of the high level scientists." Bucky said, shrugging.

"You asked around?" Sam questioned.

"Yeah."

"Did you ask Bruce?" Rhodey said with a head tilt.

"Yeah, he said he didn't know any Peters that worked with computers." Bucky said, shrugging.

"What makes you think he works with a computer?" Rhodey asked.

"I asked and he said he did." Sam pitched.

"There are many jobs here that require a computer, just because he said that doesn't automatically make him just a computer guy." Rhodey said with a chuckle.

Everyone's eyebrows scrunched together.

"It doesn't?"

## Chapter 12

Peter was never an early riser, but the next day he got up at 3am sharp. Throwing some stuff in a duffel bag for his mission.

He usually got the overnight ones, but the missions that lasted a couple days were just as fun. So he grabbed all his necessities and left his phone on his bed.

You weren't allowed to bring anything hackable with you, or they can track the base you're at.

It was a stealth mission, one he was surprisingly good at considering how much he tends to talk in the battlefield. So with this he grabbed one of his red and blue suits, though the colors were significantly darker from when he used to just be a small town vigilante.

Peter grabbed a water bottle too, sipping at it so he could energize himself. His flight was at 4am if he remembered correctly.

He didn't change into his suit, he actually put on dark jeans with a white shirt and a black bomber jacket. He pulled on some combat boots too and some sunglasses, they would spend a day scoping the area before Spider-Man would have to step in.

Throwing the duffel bag over his shoulder he headed out of his room, on his way to the elevator.

When the elevator arrived and opened he was a little surprised to see Rhodey inside, Tony had talked quite a bit about him. But Peter never thought he would stay the night at the compound.

Rhodey's eyes drifted up at the sudden stop of the elevator, his eyebrows scrunching together at the unfamiliar face.

Peter slipped in the elevator, pressing the button of the bottom floor, Rhodes was set to leave in a few floors.

"Do I know you?" Rhodey asked, wondering why the young man came out of such a high level access place.

"Probably not, considering you're asking me." Peter said with a snark to his tongue.

Rhodey looked shocked, most people wouldn't dare talk to him like that. Who the hell did this guy think he is?

"Who are you? What's your position?" Rhodey asked, crossing his arms and looking at the young man accusingly.

"And why are you here? You look like you're straight out of highschool." Rhodey added on, examining the young man's face which was partially covered by sunglasses.

"Okay? You look like you're straight outta the cemetery but you don't see me saying anything." Peter said, rolling his eyes.

Rhodey's eyebrows raised. "You're an asshole then? Got it. What's your name so I can check your status." Rhodey asked, pulling out his phone.

One thing Peter got from knowing Tony was that Tony wouldn't take any chance with someone hurting him, so his name wasn't even officially in the system.

"Peter." He said, rolling his eyes and chuckling.

Rhodey remembered his conversation with the ex rogues earlier, this made him take an extra glance at the asshole that was Peter Parker.

He typed in Peter for anyone with that high of access and no one popped up.

Which was impossible.

"It was nice seeing you Mr. Rhodes." Peter said as the elevator doors opened and Rhodey walked out confused.

The security system would have known if someone bad was in here, it was that good. Then who the hell is this?

Before he could ask any more questions the elevator doors closed.

Instead of leaving the compound that faithful morning James decided he would go back to the commons and find out who the fuck this was.

—//—

"Wake up." Sam heard, only deciding to snuggle deeper into his covers.

"It's too early, leave me alone." Sam said, not opening his eyes.

"Yeah yeah I know, Rhodes wants to know who Peter is. He saw him earlier." Bucky said, reaching Sams now open eyes.

"What about Peter?" Sam asked, lifting his head up.

"Yeah that's what I thought, come on he's in the living area." Bucky said, leaving Sams room.

Sam grumbled a bit, pulling himself out of bed and glancing at the clock that said 4:07 am.

He said some indecent profanities under his breath, slipping on some slippers and a t shirt considering he was only in pajama pants before.

He went to the bathroom, quick to brush his teeth and splash some water on his face to wake up. After he headed out to the living room where a half asleep Scott and Wanda were. Bucky seemed pretty awake with Rhodey pacing the room.

"Sam, they said you know Peter the best?" Rhodey said with a raised eyebrow.

"Uhm, yeah I guess? Why are you waking me up though?" Sam asked, plopping on the couch.

"I searched his name up in the database and he doesn't pop up anywhere at all, like he doesn't even exist." Rhodey said, huffing and crossing his arms.

Sam raised an eyebrow, noticing the pissed look on Rhodeys face. "He was an asshole to you, wasn't he?" Sam said with a teasing smirk.

Rhodey glared Sams way. "Yes, a disrespectful imbecile. It's like Tony when he was-

Rhodey sighed, rubbing his head out of stress. "I don't like having someone non identifiable walking around the compound." He stated.

Sam nodded. "I understand that, but trust me. Peter is not a threat." He said, looking very convinced.

"So I'm just supposed to take your word for it?" Rhodey asked, leaning against the wall.

"Yeah, lets take Sams word and go back to bed." Scott said, grumbling about his sleep schedule.

Wanda pointed to Scott in agreement.

"Next time any of you see him, get his whole story." Rhodey said, turning and leaving the room.

—//—

Next time anyone saw Peter was three days later when he tiredly plopped down in the kitchen right next to Sam.

It was about 10pm and Sam was only mindlessly thinking, his eyes snapped to Peter when he limped through the doors with shades on.

"Hey, where have you been?" Sam asked, watching as Peter leaves into the counter from his seat on the stool.

"Somewhere I never want to go again." Peter said, sighing.

"You've got a limp too..where'd you get that?" Sam asked, wondering where this nerd could've gone.

"I fell down a flight of stairs." Peter said, and it was true. Some guy pushed him down some stairs.

"Yikes, have you gotten checked out?" Sam asked, tilting his head to see a little bit of a shiner under Peters shades.

"Holy shit, you're injured." Sam exclaimed.

Peter rolled his eyes, taking off his glasses and hanging them on his shirt. "It's not too bad." He stated showing off the purple bruise around his left eye.

"It looks like it hurts, have you iced it?" Sam asked, examining the bruise.

"A little bit, stairs are rough though." Peter said with a chuckle.

"You're telling me, did you check for any broken ribs?" Sam asked.

"Just the shiner and a nasty bruise on my hip, hence the lip." Peter said with a shrug.

"Geez, okay. You should probably get to sleep, rest off the wounds." Sam said, wanting to touch Peters face and examine the eye better but remembered their conversation.

"I tried, can't." Peter said, shrugging and leaning into Sams shoulder.

"You look tired." Sam said, biting his lip.

"I am, really tired." Peter said, sighing.

"I'm sorry you can't sleep, by the way..Rhodey asked about you." Sam said, raising an eyebrow at Peter who was gazing up at him with his big brown eyes.

"I figured he would, I was kinda a dick to him." Peter said with a small snort.

"He was actually worried he didn't find anything on your name." Sam said.

"If he wants to know something all he has to do is ask." Peter said, snuggling into Sams shoulder absentmindedly while humming in content.

"Yeah, he probably shoulda just did that." Sam said, smiling at the sleepy boy on his shoulder.

"How's your wound...?" Peter asked, his eyes fluttered shut.

"It's good, really good. Thank you." Sam said, chuckling.

"Mhmmm.." Peter hummed.

"Do you wanna lay down?" Sam asked, timidly running a hand through Peters hair to see if it was okay.

Peter nodded, a bit tired. "Can we go to your room, I don't wanna be in mine right now." He asked, gazing up at Sam while half asleep.

"Yeah sure, if that's okay with you..?" Sam said, not wanting to make Peter uncomfortable.

Peter wasn't really holding his tongue, only tired and wanting to sleep. "Mhm, you're safe." He said, nuzzling Sams shoulder.

Sam had Bruce come up just yesterday to take the stitches out, and maybe picking something up over 100 pounds wasn't a good idea but he couldn't resist after seeing the boys limp.

"Want me to carry you?" Sam asked, eager to hold the young man.

Peter giggled childishly. "Yeah, can you carry me?" He asked, his eyes half lidded.

Sam nodded, moving from his seat and standing up. He slid one arm under Peters thighs and the other under his arm.

Peter was quick to latch his arms around Sams neck, clasping his legs around the older mans back and snuggling into Sams collarbone.

Sam was surprised, Peter was lighter than he thought he would be, and small compared to Sam which almost made Sam coo.

"Thanks Sammy." He said, definitely asleep by the end of the statement.

Sam carried the young man to his quarters, pondering if Peter would mind if Sam slept next to him. Not directly though, Sam wouldn't get in his personal space.

Sam laid him down, making Peter wake up for a moment, gazing at Sam.

Sam was actually about to go to the couch outside, but before he could turn and leave Peter grabbed his wrist. "Where you going?" He asked with a small whine.

Peter met Sams gaze with a pout. "Stay." He stated, tugging his wrist lightly.

"Okay.." Sam said, eyes wide and a blush on his cheeks.



Peter smiled, lazily patting the spot next to him. Sam smiled hesitantly, getting in the bed next to Peter and making sure to keep his distance.

Peter wasn't one for personal space when he was half asleep it seemed, rolling over and placing his head under Sams chin.

Sams breath caught in the back of his throat as Peters even breaths left showing he was asleep.

Eventually, Sam did fall asleep, his arm wrapped around Peters shoulder.

## Chapter 13

When Peter woke up he felt something warm pressed against his chest, his eyes hesitantly opened to see Sam laying right there fast asleep.

Peter thought he would panic, but he didn't. He actually felt secure right by Sam, he hazily remembered asking Sam to lay with him and here he was.

Peter face turned red thinking about how Sam was really nice for staying with him. And Peters heart might've skipped a beat, but that doesn't mean anything.

He did enjoy waking up next to Sam though.

He heard a small grumble from Sams throat, his hand moving against Peters back and rubbing it a few times.

"Oh, morning." Peter said, his voice a little raspy and his face still red.

"Hey Peter, morning." Sam said, pulling the young man close to him absentmindedly.

Peter chuckled a bit, nuzzling into Sams neck. "Sorry about cuddling you, even if you seem like you're enjoying it." Peter said with a grin.

"Yeah yeah, it's fine. You're surprisingly snuggly." Sam said, his eyes now open and gazing at Peter.

"Yep yep, I know." Peter said, looking away from Sams gaze.

"Tell me about yourself by the way, I feel like I know all the wrong things about you." Sam said with a laugh.

Peter hummed, pondering what to say for a short moment.

"I'm Peter Parker, I'm 18, and I'm from New York I guess? And I like dogs." Peter said, not really knowing what to say.

"Nice to meet you Peter, whatcha doing around here at only 18? You're young." Sam said, not seeming to actually be judging just curious.

"I like the work." Peter said with a giggle.

Sam smiled, not really feeling the need to ask Peter about his work.

"By the way..." Peter started, taking a deep breath before continuing, Sams full attention on him.

"How'd you like the new suit?" He asked, his voice a higher pitch than usual.

"You know about that?" Sam asked, confused. He had asked around and no one knew anything on why it was made.

"Well yeah..I made it." Peter said hesitantly.

Sams breath caught for a split second, making Peter immediately regret telling him.

Until Sam spoke. "Really?" Sam asked, eyes wide as he pulled away from Peter to get a good view of his partially injured face.

Peter looked away, silently nodding.

"Wow, that's amazing. No wonder you're here, you're a genius." Sam said, a grin on his face while he praised Peter.

Peter looked up at him in wonder. "Do- do you like it?" Peter asked, biting his lip in hopefulness.

"Of course I do, I like Redwings upgrade too. Thank you Pete." Sam said with a smile that showed off his teeth.

Peter giggled. "No problem, if there's anything wrong with anything feel free to tell me.." he said, grinning like a child from Sams praise.

"Everything's perfect, thank you." Sam said, chuckling.

Peter nodded. "Okay..great." He said, a slight smile on his face that wouldn't leave.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?" Sam asked, leaning his head on his hand so he could prop himself up.

"I don't know..just.. didn't wanna disappoint your or something? Like what if you didn't like it?" Peter said, meddling with his fingers.

"You don't have to worry about that, especially with that brain of yours." Sam said, ruffling Peters hair.

Peter giggled, a blush on his face. "Thanks Sammy." He said.

"No problem, now, are you hungry? Cause you're surprisingly light." Sam said, smiling.

"Actually I have breakfast plans today, so I will be eating." Peter said chuckling.

"Okay, well I hope to see you around later?" Sam said, grinning.

"Yeah you will, I promise." Peter said, getting up and glancing at the clock which said he had thirty minutes to get ready.

"Okay, see you around Parker. And maybe avoid Rhodey." Sam said as a word of advice.

Peter nodded, waving goodbye.

—//—

"So what's up? We never go out for breakfast." Happy said, sipping his orange juice.

Peter shrugged. "Just give me a moment before I tell you, and hey? Can't I just want to have some company while eating?" Peter said with a chuckle.

Happy shrugged. "I don't know, we just don't usually go out for breakfast. Maybe late night diner visits but not breakfast." He said, a teasing smile on his face.

"Yeah yeah I know, there's something I want to tell you. Just not yet." Peter said, worry showing in his eyes.

Happy nodded. "Okay, well how did the mission go?" He asked.

Peter shrugged. "Pretty good actually, except for when I was thrown down a flight of stairs." He said chuckling.

"That explains the black eye then, and the limp." Happy teased, smiling at how Peter actually seemed comfortable in his own skin for once.

"So today I told Sam I made his suit." Peter said, grinning at his accomplishment.

"Good job, now more people than me and Karen can enjoy your brain." Happy stated, eyebrows raised with excitement.

"Yeah yeah I know." Peter said, scratching the back of his neck.

"What did Sam say?" He asked, just as the waitress dropped off their meals and the two of them thanked her.

"He just said that I was smart and he actually thought it was cool and stuff.." Peter said with a goofy smile on his face.

"Mhmmm, interesting." Happy said, taking a bite into the pancakes with an accusing look on his face.

"What?" Peter asked.

"You think Sam is cool?" Happy asked, acting like he wasn't interested but he really was.

"Yeah he's cool, I mean he's the falcon. He's really nice and stuff too." Peter said, a blush on his cheeks.

"Mm, Yup. The falcons cool." Happy said, taking another bit suspiciously.

"Okay what is it?" Peter asked, leaning back and crossing his arms.

"Nothing! I didn't do anything." Happy said, putting his hands up in mock defense.

Peter rolled his eyes. "You're acting weird, what is it?"

Happy sighed, giving in and putting down his fork. "Remember when you liked MJ?"

Peter's eyebrows scrunched together. "Yeah, how's that relevant?" He asked.

Happy chuckled a bit before speaking in mock of Peter from before the snap. "Ohh Mj, she likes books and stuff, she's cool, very cool, I mean she's in the Decathlon team so she's super cool." Happy's words making Peter huff.

"What are you getting at?" Peter asked, sipping his apple juice.

"I think you like Sam." Happy stated nonchalantly.

"Pssh, me like Sam? No way." Peter said, his cheeks now bright red.

Happy raised an eyebrow. "You totally do, come on I'm not blind."

Peter mumbled something under his breath, now angrily eating his food.

"So I'm right?" Happy teased.

"Shut up." Peter mumbled, his ears even red.

"That's What I thought." Happy said smiling.

"By the way, when's my next psychiatrist appointment?" Peter asked hesitantly.

"Next week, if you're okay with it?" Happy questioned.

Peter nodded. "I actually wanted to talk to you about why I ran out.." he said, putting fork down.

Happy, sensing the seriousness of the situation put his down as well and leaned back in his seat.

"Okay." Happy said, preparing for Peters answer.

"Well uh..he called me Einstein." Peter began, looking down at his hands.

"What's wrong with that exactly?" Happy asked, worry shown in his eyes.

Peter looked up at him, tears building in his eyes.

"When I was eight, I had this babysitter. His name was Skip." Peter began, with tears rushing down his face.

Happy could feel his heart clench, a feeling in the pit of his stomach building.

"He always called me Einstein..just like the psychiatrist called me before I stormed out." Peter stated, looking at his hands when he continued.

"Skip molested me until I was ten and he went off to college, I didn't tell anyone until Tony and suddenly Skip was off the grid..yeah Tony was pissed." Peter said with a dark chuckle.

Happy stated at Peter, who wouldn't make eye contact and kept fiddling with his hands. Not wanting to disappoint the man.

"Peter, I'm sorry..I didn't know." Happy said, already knowing he would ask their computer guys about Skips whereabouts..if Tony hasn't completely executed him from the grid.

"It's not you're fault, you're right..I push people away. I'm done doing that now." Peter said with a watery smile.

## Chapter 14

"You seem happy." Wanda commented on the goofy smiling Sam that entered the room.

"Yep, it's a good day." Sam said, shrugging and grabbing a bagel. He popped it in the toaster while humming.

"Why?" Wanda asked, sipping at the beverage she had been holding.

"Can't it just be a nice day?" Sam asked, looking over at her.

"No."

"Huh.." Sam said, his smile faltering a little bit soon growing back to where it was.

"What's wrong with Sam?" Bucky asked, walking in with a muffin in hand.

"I think he's on drugs." Wanda said, glancing Bucky's way.

"I'm not on drugs." Sam said, rolling his eyes and popping the bagel up.

He grabbed cream cheese from the fridge and a knife from the drawer, beginning to spread it on the pastry.

"Definitely drugs." Bucky said, sitting down and biting into his muffin.

"I need more friends." Sam said to himself, biting his bagel.

"Probably, but you're stuck with us for now." Wanda said with a teasing smile.

"Yeah yeah, how are you guys doin'?" Sam asked, raising an eyebrow.

Sam had actually gone back to sleep for a little while when Peter left, not on purpose he just seemed to doze off once again, so it wasn't a big surprise to see the young man walk in with his keys in his hand which signified he just got back.

"Hey Peter." Sam greeted.

Peter ignored him at first, lost in thought while thinking about his conversation with Happy. He thought it went well, maybe Happy secretly hated him though?

But he seemed to actually enjoy Peters company, which is why Peter told him in the first place.

"What's up with him?" Bucky asked, his mouth full of muffin.

"Don't talk with your mouth full." Peter stated, pacing back and forth a few times before he full comprehended Sams greeting.

"Oh hey Sam." Peter said, now completely there.

"You good?" Sam asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, I'm good. How is everyone?" Peter asked, looking around at Bucky and Wanda.

"Not dead." Bucky said after swallowing his muffin.

"Still breathing." Wanda said immediately after.

"What a chipper group." Peter said with a laugh.

"Hungry?" Sam asked, though he already knew Peter ate.

"I'm good, thank you though." Peter said.

"Who exactly are you, anyway?" Wanda asked, sipping her drink.

"Peter?" Peter said hesitantly, acting confused.

"Rhodey didn't find you in the database." Bucky said, raising an eyebrow.

"I'm not in the database, officially at least." Peter said with a shrug.

"Why not? That's pretty sketchy." Wanda asked, tilting her head.

"I'm no threat, chill out. You can even have my high school grades if it interests you that much." Peter said with an eye roll.

"That's still kinda sketchy.." Bucky added.

Peter rolled his eyes. "Peter Parker, 18, I went to Midtown high school and I'm currently doing college online. From New York and I make suits around here." He stated, sighing and leaning against the counter with his arms crossed.

"At only 18? Do you mean our suits?" Bucky asked, tilting his head.

"Yeah, your guys suits." Peter said.

"Then why are you not in the database?" Wanda asked, a little confused.

Peter sighed. "Tony Stark was able to make the best weapons in the business and was kidnapped, I'm not in the database cause it's possible someone would do that same to me." He explained, it wasn't exactly a lie Tony kept him out of the database for many reasons and that was one of them.

"Oh.." Bucky said.

"That actually makes sense, it's nice to meet your Peter Parker." Wanda said with a welcoming but hesitant smile.

"Nice to meet you too." Peter said, twirling his keys between his fingers.

"So whatcha doing up here?" Sam asked, raising an eyebrow.

Peter smiled Sam's way. "Go get dressed, we're going somewhere." Peter stated.

Sam raised an eyebrow but nodded. "Okay, I'll be right back. Watch my bagel." Sam said, pointing to the other half of his bagel he hadn't eaten yet.

Peter gave him a thumbs up as the older man turned and walked towards his room.

"Should I be worried about you killing Sam or something?" Bucky asked.

"Nah, not yet at least." Peter said with a playful wink.

"Right okay, I'll make sure to tell Rhodey not to attack you yet." Bucky said with an eye roll.

"Thanks Mr. Barnes" He said with a chuckle.

—//—

"So where we going?" Sam asked the brunette, leaning against the elevator walls while it went to a lower level.

"Jus' the labs right now, gotta grab something. And then the garage." Peter said, giving Sam a reassuring smile.

"Cool, which lab do you work in?" Sam asked, trying to familiarize the floor number but came up blank.

"Just one with a little bit of everything. I'm not sure if Bruce is there today, he might be." Peter nonchalantly commented.

"Bruce Banner?" Sam questioned, raising an eyebrow.

Peter nodded. "That's the one."

The elevator arrived at their destination quickly, opening the doors to a gorgeous setting with holo tables lighting up as they walked in.

"Welcome back Peter, unfortunately Dr. Banner is out for the day." Karen spoke, making Sam freeze all while trying to locate her speaker.

"Thanks Kare-Bear, say hi to Sam real quick and pull up the schematics of his suit." Peter said, walking over to his desk and leaning on it.

"Good afternoon Mr. Wilson, it's a pleasure to finally meet you." Karen said, Sams suit lighting up in the middle of the lab.

"Hi...uhm, what's your name?" Sam questioned with a raised eyebrow.

"Karen, I am Mr. Parker's AI." She said.

"Did you make her?" Sam asked, looking confused.

"No I didn't, Karen zoom in on the electrical outlets around his torso." Peter said, walking around the hologram like he's done it hundreds of times before.

"What are you doing?" Sam questioned, crossing his arms in a loose manner.

"I just had a serious talk with Happy, anytime I get too emotional I like to do something within my element, such as upgrading the energy running through your suit so it can take more damage next time your hit." Peter said, tapping his chin.

"That's an interesting outlet, wait. Why do we want it to take more damage?" Sam asked.

"The more damage the suit takes the less your body takes." Peter said, shrugging.

"I thought we were grabbing something here?" Sam said, scoffing as he watched Peter zoom in on random things and mutter stuff under his breath.



"We are, I need Karen to tell me what we gotta pick up from a nearby warehouse." Peter said with a chuckle.

"Mr. Parker, you need model 76 from warehouse 42." Karen stated.

"Perfect. You coming or what?" Peter asked, quickly writing down what Karen said on a post it.

"Ain't got nothing better to do, so I guess so." Sam said, sighing and walking towards the elevator with Peter.

"Yeah I know, I checked your schedule." Peter said with a snarky grin.

Sam raised a brow at the younger, amused. "Well good to know you stalk me most of the time."

Peter shrugged. "My stalking made sure you didn't pass out in the kitchen, be thankful." He said, with a small scoff.

Sam rolled his eyes. "Yeah yeah, why were you watching that mission anyway?"

"I was watching the suit to see how it performed, noticed your heart rate lowering exponentially." Peter said after the garage button was pushed.

"Thankfully you were, anyway what are we getting?" Sam asked, crossing his arms and looking at Peter for an answer.

"We're just grabbing something from the warehouse, I need it for your suit." Peter said, walking out of the elevator when they reached the floor.

"I thought it did good on the mission..?" Sam asked following after him.

"I'm trying to improve the torso armor, it's too much of a blind spot. So I'm trying to make an electrical field around it instead of making a bulky vest there so it's more aerodynamic." Peter explained, using his keys to unlock his car.

Him and Sam got in. "That's interesting...we don't have the stuff needed for that?" Sam asked.

Peter clicked his seatbelt on and shook his head. "Not the correct type of thing I'm looking for."

Sam put his seatbelt on and nodded. "Alright, sounds good."

## Chapter 15

"Why is it so dark in here?" Sam questioned after Peter and him arrived in the warehouse and were walking around, apparently in search of something.

"I have to find the light switch, give me a moment." Peter said, looking around and spotting something in the corner.

With his spider senses his vision was also affected and he could see well in the dark, but only outlines.

"Got it." Peter said, flipping the light switch on.

The whole warehouse lit up, old team suits were shown and a numerous amount of ironman helmets were seen scattered around the place.

"Oh wow." Sam mumbled, seeing one of his old pairs of wings and Caps broken shield.

"Yeah, Uhm..let me just find the thing we're here for and we can go." Peter said, his head beginning to spin.

"What number is it again?" Sam asked, looking over some boxes.

Peter blankly stared at a silver and navy blue iron gauntlet.

*"What's with the colors Mr. Stark?" Peter asked, genuinely curious as he searched for the red on the suit.*

*"You don't like them?" Tony said with a laugh.*

*"It's not that, I'm just used to the red and gold." Peter defended, walking around the new suit.*

*"Mhm, sure. But, this suit is more so for underwater affairs. I thought it was neat to make it have some blue." Tony said, putting his hand on his shoulder with a smile.*

*"You mean the suit can basically be a human submarine!!?" Peter exclaimed with a huge grin.*

*Tony chuckled, nodding. "Yeah, that's the right idea. Now c'mon, I made you some hot chocolate kid. Can't have you getting addicted to coffee this early. How old are you again?" Tony asked in a joking manner, even though he already knew.*

*"I'm sixteen Mr. Stark." Peter said as his father figure put his hand on his upper back leading him out of the room.*

*"That's right, well tell me when you get to twenty one and I'll give you your first alcoholic beverage." Tony said as Peter embraces the drifting smell of hot cocoa.*

*"Yeah yeah, I'll keep that in mind." Peter said with an eye roll.*

*"Hey, you alright?" Peter heard someone ask.*

*"What?" Peter questioned, turning towards Sam who was now right next to him with a confused and worried stare.*

*"Are you okay? You zoned out for a few minutes." Sam said, tilting his head.*

*Peter gazed around Sam for a moment, and then decided in shrugging away his problem. "It's number 76. Let's just get it and go." Peter said, beginning to walk away but a hand on his shoulder stopped him.*

*"Peter. You know I'm here, right?" Sam questioned, noticing how the young man stopped meeting his eyes and how his breath hitched when Sam spoke to him.*

*Peter looked at the ground for a moment, glancing at the gauntlet before sighing. He began to pull out his wallet, grabbing a small photo he kept in here and handing it to Sam face down.*

"I'll go grab the thing, meet you at the door." Peter said, walking away after stuffing his wallet back in his pocket.

Sams eyebrows scrunched together as he lifted the photo, turning it around so he could see what was on it.

*"You know we've been watching Star Wars for twelve hours right?" Tony said with amusement on his face.*

*"That is an achievement!! We should take a picture to celebrate!" Peter exclaimed, getting out his phone.*

*"Whatever you say Petey." Tony said with a friendly eye roll as Peter scooted collider to him.*

*Tony chuckled, throwing an arm around Peters shoulder and smiling at the camera with messy hair and him and Peter wearing matching Star Wars pajamas.*

Sam looked up at the ironman gauntlet and back down to the photo, Peter seemed so happy in it. He'd never seen him like that, so carefree.

Peter must've lost a lot more than a boss.

—

"You ready?" Peter questioned at the door with a small box in his hands.

Sam nodded, handing him the photo back which Peter put safely in his pocket.

"I didn't know you were close with Tony." Sam began as they walked out of the warehouse towards Peters car.

"Most people don't. It's okay." Peter said, climbing into the drivers seat as Sam got in the passengers seat.

"What's the context behind the photo?" Sam asked.

Peter smiled while putting his seatbelt on, putting the picture back in his wallet. "We has been watching Star Wars for twelve hours straight. Decided we needed a picture to celebrate." He said while Sam clicked his seatbelt on.

"Quite an achievement." Sam said with a chuckle.

"You bet it is! Even as a Star Wars fan I can conclude most of the movies kinda suck." Peter said with a laugh.

"I'm more of a Star Trek kinda guy if I'm being honest." Sam said as Peter began driving.

"I have to say, I haven't seen all of those. We should watch them some time." Peter said.

"Yeah for sure, they're good."

"Have you watched Lord Of The Rings?" Peter asked, glancing at Sam.

"Can't say that Ive had time for those long ass movies." Sam said with a laugh.

Peter rolled his eyes. "I'll put it on the watch list, I swear they're good. Though the books are better it'll take even longer to read them."

"As a wise man once said, wait til the movie comes out." Sam said with a goofy grin.

Peter rolled his eyes. "I think that's just you."

"Then I am the wise man." Sam said with a playful wink to the brunette.

"Right. By the way, you're welcome to come to the lab anytime. That's usually where I am if I'm not sleeping." Peter said.

"Ah, nerd headquarters?" Sam questioned with a lazy grin.

Peters cheeks heated up and he shrugged. "Sometimes I'll run around the track, but yeah. Nerd headquarters."

Sam smiled, nodding. "Maybe I'll stop by, get some food in you. No offense but you don't look like you eat much."

Peter shrugged. "I always forget to, I have to work on it. I'm still in shape though."

"I can tell with that jawline." Sam said, chuckling.

"Thanks, I work hard on it." Peter said with a laugh.

"Chin dumbbells?" Sam said, cracking a joke to which Peter actually laughed at.

"Yup, chin dumbbells. Can crack a walnut with it too." Peter goofed.

"Oh I'm sure you can." Sam laughed.

---

"Do you need any help?" Sam questioned while walking into the lab with Peter.

"You're welcome to hang out, if that's what you're asking." Peter said with a smile, the box in his hand.

"Is Bruce still out?" Sam asked.

"Yeah, he won't be back until tomorrow. There's a lounge area over there you can hang out on." Peter said, pointing to a small couch area.

"This place smells like coffee and science." Sam said with a laugh, sitting in a seat where he can easily see Peter.

"That's the idea!" Peter exclaimed, opening the box and taking what he needs out.

For about two hours Sam silently observed Peter, getting up to go to the bathroom once which made Peter think he was finally leaving but the next time he looked at the couch area Sam was sitting there reading a book, occasionally looking over at the brunette.

"Karen is gonna work on it a little more, but I'm done with my part... what are you reading?" Peter asked, sitting down next to Sam.

Sam smiled, leaning against Peter's shoulder and putting the book in front of both of them.  
"Friedrich Nietzsche."

"Oh, the philosopher?" Peter questioned.

Sam hummed, and began reading off of a random page. "At Whatever standpoint of philosophy one may place oneself nowadays, seen from every position, the erroneousness of the world in which we think we live is the surest and most certain thing our eyes can light upon: we find proof after proof thereof, which would fain allure us into surmises concerning a deceptive principle in the 'nature of things.'"

Peter gazed up at Sam while he spoke, and when he stopped to meet Peter's eyes he smiled.

"I like your voice." Peter said, comfortable with how close he was to the older man.

(What He was reading is called beyond good and evil btw, good book)

Sam smiled, content showed on his features. He was comfortable and felt like he was where he was supposed to be.

"I like yours too Peter." Sam said, looking down at the young man.

Peter sighed, adjusting his shoulder so Sams arm was on his back and his body was cuddled into Sams torso.

Sam could feel a blush on his cheeks but went with it, wrapping his arm around Peters back with his fingers resting on the young mans torso. Peters head was on his chest and his eyes looking at the book.

"Can you read me more?" Peter asked.

Sam chuckled. "Sure."



## Chapter 16

"You hungry?" Sam asked after reading Peter about twenty pages.

After Sam didn't get an answer his eyebrows scrunched together. "Peter? You awake?" Sam asked, adjusting himself to view the sleeping brunettes face.

Sam let out a small laugh, carding his fingers through Peters hair a few times. "Peterrr." Sam said in a sing song voice.

Peter hummed. "What is it?" He asked, his eyes still closed.

"I think you fell asleep on me honey." Sam endeared, making a blush appear on Peters cheeks.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to. You're real comfy though." Peter said, snuggling into Sams chest.

"Oh yeah? Would be a shame if I tickled the comfiness outta ya so I can go eat like the fatass I am." Sam said, his fingers softly drumming on Peters ribs in a teasing manner.

"Orrrr, you carry me upstairs like a good peasant." Peter said, wrapping his arms around Sams neck.

"I carried you yesterday, you want me to carry you again?" Sam questioned with a laugh.

"Yes." Peter blankly said, his head of curls now resting on Sams shoulder.

"You are a child." Sam said, though complying as Peter wrapped his legs around Sams torso.

"Am I a child or am I smart, you're carrying me and I'm 18 years old. Plus you're an avenger. I just don't have to walk." Peter said humming in content when Sam made sure he was carrying the younger properly.

"Right, do you want something to eat too?" Sam questioned while carrying him to the elevator.

"Yes, please." Peter said.

"Alright, what do you like on your sandwiches?" The older asked.

Peter lazily shrugged. "Anything is fine."

"Okay, good." Sam said just as they arrived on the kitchens floor.

Thankfully no one else was in there to see Sam carrying a man child and placing him on the counter.

Peter yawned, rubbing his eyes and silently watching Sam pull stuff out of the fridge.

"So what don't I already know about you, favorite color?" Sam said, making polite conversation.

Peter hummed in thought. "I'm not sure..I like deep reds that you can drown in, dark blues that make you feel like your in the ocean, and even pastel yellows that remind me of-

"That's quite poetic." Sam interrupted, smiling in amusement at Peters sudden words.

"Yeah yeah. Whatever. What's yours?" Peter waved off.

"No no, please finish." Sam said, getting out some bread.

Peter sighed, swinging his legs a bit and keeping quiet as to not embarrass himself.

Sam frowned, walking over a few steps. "No for real, I'm sorry I interrupted." He said, leaning against the counter with his full attention on Peter.

Peter blushed, looking down at his hands. "You know the color yellow when something touches more than your heart? Pointing directly at your soul and you feel on top of the world. Yeah..I like that shade of yellow." He muttered out, avoiding eye contact with Sam at all costs.

He kept his gaze down as Sam took a few steps forward, standing directly in front of him with his left hand resting on the young mans knee.

"What, Sam?" Peter asked, refusing to lift his head. For some reason he felt ashamed for speaking, for feeling such big stuff for a color, perhaps Sam would think less of him.

"I didn't say anything." Sam said, his right hand being placed lightly on top of Peters left which was on the table.

"Y-you're thinking it." Peter stuttered out.

Perhaps it was a sudden realization for both of them that most of the things they did, such as sleeping in the same bed, reading together tucked under ones arm, and getting carried like a baby weren't normal things for guys to do.

In a friendly way at least.

"I don't think you know what I'm thinking." Sam said, using his left hand lift Peters chin up so his gaze finally landed on Sam.

"I don't.." Peter said, examining the fondness behind the older mans eyes, how there was confidence radiating from him.

"Well, lets start with if you like mayo or not?" Sam said, brushing the curls away from Peters face.

Peter gave a soft grin, nodding. "Y-yeah..I do."

"Okay, your food will be done shortly then short stack." Sam said, slyly kissing Peters temple and turning back to where the sandwiches were half made.

"I'm average height!" Peter defended.

"Right." Sam said bluntly, rolling his eyes.

"Not all of us spent our days in military training either..I'm just lean." Peter said, awkwardly scratching the back of his neck.

"I didn't say anything about that, lean is a good look on you." Sam said with a shrug.

Peter acted like that didn't make his heart do somersaults at a professional speed.

"Thanks..." Peter said with a small squeak in his voice, though Sam acted like he didn't notice.

Sam put the stuff away, cutting each sandwich into triangles and giving Peter his plate.

"Thank you Sam.." Peter said, his voice more shy than usual.

"Sure thing chicken wing, want something to drink?" Sam asked, grabbing a water bottle for himself.

"Just water please." Peter said, biting his lip while watching Sam bent down to get the water bottles that were conveniently at the bottom of the fridge.

"Sure thing." Sam commented, getting back up and tossing it to Peter who caught it without even glancing at it.

Sam raised an eyebrow but didn't say anything.

"So uh, you got a girlfriend or something?" Peter asked.

Smooth Parker

Sam looked over at the younger, amused. "No, I don't. Not my thing." Sam said, shrugging.

Peter fiddled with water bottle in his hand, his plate on the counter next to him. "What's not your thing? Do you not have time?" The brunette asked, tilting his head.

Sam chuckled, taking a bit of his sandwich and leaning on the counter next to Peter.

"I don't like girls, Peter." Sam stated after swallowing his bite.

"Oh." Peter said, mindlessly taking a bite of his sandwich and chewing.

The older looked like he was concentrating while looking at Peter. "Does that make you uncomfortable?" Sam asked, putting his sandwich down.

Peter was quick to shake his head. "Of course not! I'm just surprised is all, I guess my gaydar needs some inspection..." Peter said, awkwardly scratching the back of his neck and huffing.

Sam chuckled, shaking his head in amusement. "You're okay Peter, how about you? Girlfriend?"

Peter rolled his eyes. "I'm a bisexual nerd who comes off as an asshole, what do you think?" He said bluntly.

The older could feel his heart swell and a smile come up on his face. "You never know, some people are into that." Sam said, smiling.

Peter blushed, shaking his head and continuing to eat his sandwich. "Not many." He commented.

Sam quirked an eyebrow. "You're attractive Peter, you could get someone if you wanted to."

The younger couldn't shake the red tint to his cheeks. "The reason I'm single is my personality Sam, and plus..I'm not looking anyway." Peter said, sipping his water.

"Whatever you say Parker, if it makes you feel better though I think your personality's a catch." Sam said, ruffling Peter's curls.

"Thanks.." Peter said softly, leaning into Sam's hand.

Sam smiled fondly at the boy, his hand now partially in his hair and against his cheek.

Peter closed his eyes, sighing in content while the older one couldn't help but kiss the brunettes forehead.

"I think you're quite the catch too." Peter mumbled, the earlier tiredness setting in again though he knew he needed to finish his food.

Sam hummed. "Finish your sandwich and then you can nap, okay?" Sam tried to compromise.

"What time is it anyway?" Peter asked, peering over at the clock.

"Oh it's 8 already, I guess you can go to bed then." Sam said after reading his watch.

"Okay.." Peter said softly, looking up at Sam with a small smile.

Sam smiled, taking his hand away from Peters face and continuing to finish his sandwich.

—//

After both of them finished their food Sam walked Peter to the elevator, both of them with light smiles on their face.

"Shall I see you tomorrow then?" Sam asked, leaning against the wall while Peter pressed the button on the elevator.

"If you want to see me tomorrow..?" Peter said, his hands stuffed in his pockets.

Sam chuckled. "Of course, like I said. You're a catch."

Peter shook his head in amusement, stepping into the elevator and pressing the button of his floor. "I'll see you Sam." He said, softly smiling as the doors closed after Sam waved goodbye.

After Peters elevator was a floor down Sam couldn't help the huge smile that went on his face, leaning against the wall and chuckling to himself.

"You good man?" Bucky asked, looking like he just got back from the gym.

"Yeah yeah, I'm good." Sam said, pushing himself off the wall.

"You seem happy, is it Peter?" Bucky asked, genuinely curious.

"Yeah it's Peter." Sam said, shrugging.

"He's a good guy it seems, makes you happy. Though I have a question." Bucky said, crossing his arms and leaning against the counter.

"Shoot." Sam said, walking over with the goofy smile still on his face.

"Do you like Peter? More than a friend wise, no judgement but..you seem really happy." Bucky asked, his eyebrow raised.

Sam scrunched his nose up. "Oh god, please tell me it's not that obvious."

Bucky hummed. "I mean, I'm a spy..but, it sure seems like you are attracted to him. You're protective of him as well." Bucky said, shrugging.

Sam rubbed the back of his head. "Should I be working on that?"

"Maybe you should just ask him out, Peter only comes here to talk to you." Bucky said, smiling.

"You think so? I don't know..I just.. don't wanna mess anything up. You know? We're good friends." Sam said his voice soft.

Bucky shook his head. "If you don't do anything Sam you'll never know if you'd be better together, go for it man." He said, patting Sams shoulder.

## Chapter 17

"What Hap?" Peter asked after walking to his room to see Happy about to knock on his door.

Happy's eyes widened, looking over at Peter. "Geez, hey kid. Didn't know you weren't in your room, didn't find you in your lab so I assumed."

Peter quirked his brow. "What's up?"

"You've got a mission." Happy stated making Peter notice the file in his hand.

"When?" The young spider asked, a little worried since he said he'd hang out with Sam tomorrow.

"Tonight, it'll be a few days. You can sleep on the plane ride there. It's a solo mission." Happy said, handing the file to Peter.

"What's with the short notice?" Peter asked, opening the file.

"It needs to be immediately looked into, plus your face isn't in any enemy system since your identity is unknown." Happy said, pointing to a few lines on the file.

"You mean I have to show my face?" Peter asked, his body more alert now and less tired.

"It's a banquet. Practically a spy mission, your first actual fake identity." Happy said, handing Peter a fake ID that said he was 23.

"So I won't be there as Spider-Man?" Peter questioned.

"Nope, you'll be Louis Ratchet. Rich white boy from Connecticut." Happy said.

"Whose my pilot?" Peter asked, even if it was solo he would have someone driving the plane there.

"Clint Barton." Happy said with a chuckle.

"What the hell?" Peter questioned, his eyes racing up and meeting Happy's.

"Yup! He doesn't necessarily know your Spider-Man identity but he wants to stretch his legs a little while his kids start school." Happy said, smiling.

"Wow, okay. I haven't properly met the guy yet, this'll be interesting. I think. Does he know mission details?" Peter asked.

"He knows enough, we don't tell the pilots everything ever since Loki took control of minds. Nothing against Clint, just protocol. We told him what he needs to know, feel free to tell him what you please about you." Happy explained.

"Alright, thanks Hap. I'll pack my bag and be on the airstrip in ten." Peter said, opening his bedroom door as Happy left.

Peter sighed, pulling out his duffel bag and beginning to put clothes in it. Biting his lip as he changed his clothes, staring at the phone he already threw on his bed he huffed.

He now had some dark wash jeans down, assuming his fancy clothes would be in the plane, and a v neck navy blue t shirt, his hair had a little bit of gel in it to keep it out of his face, and his wore

black combat boots.

After finally deciding to call Sam before he left he noted that the phone kept ringing and at the end he got a voicemail.

"H-hey Sam. I just wanted to call and tell you I'll be out for a few days, just some science convention thing..I'll Uh, I'll talk to you when I get back. It's Peter by the way..yeah." Peter said, quickly hanging up the phone and putting it on his pillow.

The brunette grabbed his bag and his bomber jacket he only wore if he was going on a mission, is was something Tony gave him the first time he went on a official mission with iron man.

Grabbing his sunglasses and pinning them on his shirt he turned and made his way to the elevator, prepared to get to the air strip on time and look over his mission in the plane.

After the short elevator ride, his duffel bag thrown over his left shoulder, the compound nearly empty since it was around 8:30 and people had been going home.

"You must be Peter, yeah?" A voice said, making Peter turn to see Clint Barton. He had an undercut with more softness to his eyes since he saw him at Tony's funeral. He was wearing a pair of dark blue jeans, a muscle purple tee shirt that showed off a sleeve on his left arm, and some dark brown combat boots.

"Clint, right?" Peter said, both of them continuing to walk towards the air strip.

"Yeah, how old are you?" Barton asked, immediately noticing a softness to Peters skin that older people did not have. Even if he did have stern eyes and his mouth was relaxed which agents are trained to act like in front of new people.

"18." Peter said, walking out the side door to where the plane would be.

"You're young, how'd you get here being that young? Assuming this is a physical mission." Clint asked, genuinely curious.

"I have a specific skill set." Peter said blandly, climbing the steps into the plane.

"Huh, interesting. Is there an extraction plan?" Barton asked, jogging up the steps and beginning to step into the cockpit.

"I'll show you the layout when the quinjet on autopilot." Peter said, pulling out the map from the file while Clint went up front to get the quinjet in the air.

"Sounds good, give me a few minutes." Clint said, quick to get in the pilots seat and turn on all the engines.

—

"You from Shield?" Clint asked while Peter was pointing out all possible exit points in the banquet building.

"Stark industries." Peter said, biting his lip as he looked at the expensive hotel they were to stay in, it went with his cover.

"Stark industries?" Clint questioned.

"It's a long story. You've got a cover too, here." Peter said, handing Clint an ID.

He wasn't supposed to go to the banquet with him but he had a cover as Peters personal assistant that was sent with him.

"Where'd they even get this picture of me?" Clint questioned, snorting at the ID picture.

"You should see mine, you got anything that'll cover your tattoos or are muscle tees it?" Peter said with a chuckle.

Clint rolled his eyes. "I won't answer that question but they got each of us some luggage that should have outfits for us that fit our persona."

"Alright, I assumed that's what those bags over there were." Peter said, looking over to the two suitcases with their fake names on it.

"Yeah, have you met anyone else at the compound? Been a while since I've been around." Clint said, messing with one of his arrows he always kept with him on his plane.

"Bruce, Sam, Wanda, and Bucky are usually the only ones around. I've met Rhodey too, nice guy but I don't think he likes me." Peter said, knowing it's always good to be on nice terms with the pilot who is also an avenger.

"No offense but-

"I come off as an asshole, I'm aware." Peter said with amusement on his face.

"You've been told a lot then, good." Clint said with a chuckle.

"You bet, I think the only people that like me there are Sam and Happy." Peter said with a laugh.

"Happy? Starks Happy?" Clint questioned.

"That's the one." Peter said, nodding.

"Huh, nice. I've only met him a few times, remembering him being on the colder side."

"Yeah, he has to get to know you." Peter said shrugging.

"What do you think of roof extraction?" Clint said, rubbing his chin.

"That works." Peter said, observing the map.

"No, never mind actually. The roof door is almost always locked and no doubt you'll have men on your tail." Clint said.

"What about the window?" Peter asked, pointing to a window on the thirtieth floor which was just above where he was supposed to grab some files, import them on a drive about some dangerous organization.

"You want to jump out the window..into the quinjet?" Clint questioned, his eyebrows up and curious.

"I was actually suggesting you like throw a ladder out, like the movies. I'll grab onto the ladder and climb up." Peter said with an amused smile.

"That's usually with helicopters but if you trust your abilities to jump out windows I'll see what I can do." Clint said, shrugging.



"Won't be my first time nor my last." Peter said shrugging.

"I'm not planning to question that. Get dressed though, we're fifteen minutes out." Clint said, chuckling amused at the young man.

---

"Don't forget the posh accent." Peter commented while looking at Clint who was now dressed in a white dress shirt that was tucked into black dress pants with a pair of Italian leather shoes.

"I've already got my hair gelled, posh accent is easy." Clint said, his voice turning into more proper.

Peter was dressed in white jeans and a light blue polo that made him look like a rich asshole. Perfect.

"What's your fake name?" Peter asked, forgetting to check.

"Patrick Wellington. And you're Louis Ratchet." Clint said, grabbing his luggage while Peter grabbed his own.

"Louis Ratchet." Peter said in a douchebag rich bit accent.

"Spot on, sir." Clint said with his fake posh voice.

"Brilliant, let's get to it Patrick." Peter said with an eye roll while the two of them left the old shield airstrip to head to their hotel. Clint would grab the jet while Peter was at the banquet the next day.

It was currently 6am and they were in Germany, both pointing out some stuff in the country as Clint explained what some of the German words on buildings said.

"Germany sure is a spectacle." Peter said to Clint in the back of a cab.

"It is indeed, when we get to the hotel I'll teach you some basic phrases. Many people there will speak English but not all." Clint said, his posh accent on point.

"Thank you Mr. Wellington. Much appreciated." Peter said with his fake accent as the cab pulled over and Peter paid him.

"What's the hotel number?" Clint asked.

"I wrote it on my hand, lemme check." Peter said, opening his left hand.

"313. We have to grab a key in front though." Peter said while they walked in.

"Alright, I'll talk to the desk lady. No doubt she'd rather talk to someone in German rather than have you up there trying to tell what she said." Clint said with a smile.

Peter rolled his eyes in amusement. "Yeah yeah, I've got it."

Clint walked up to the desk while Peter stayed by the elevator, quietly observing everyone around him until Clint came back with two key cards.

"Let's get upstairs Mr. Ratchet." Clint said, both him and Peter stepping in the elevator, their eyes immediately noticing the camera in there.

Once both of them were in the room and used some tech to locate and cameras or voice recorders they decided to go over the mission plan.

## Chapter 18

Walking into the kitchen in the morning to see a sad Sam sipping coffee with two hands and a pout on his face was actually not the worst thing Bucky saw that morning.

It was Sam trying to put the toaster fire out with his shirt.

"Are you okay?" Bucky asked from the kitchen table while Sam had just finished putting the fire out.

"Yeah I'm fine, why?" Sam asked, sitting back down across from Bucky.

"You look like your dog died." Wanda said with her sokovian accent from where she was sitting next to Bucky at the table.

"Did Peter say no or something?" Bucky questioned, making Wanda confused.

"Say no to what?" The red head asked.

"Sam was gonna ask him out." Bucky said nonchalantly while Sam glared at him.

"Oh..was I supposed to? Yeah I'll be quiet." Bucky said, awkwardly scratching the back of his neck.

"Oh, you like Peter?" Wanda questioned.

"Yeah, I like Peter." Sam said, huffing with his head in his hands.

"Well he's 18, you should ask him out." Wanda said, nodding.

"There's too many variables." Sam said, sighing.

"Like What?" Bucky asked.

"What if I die on a mission?"

"Don't die."

Sam once again glared at Bucky.

"Well why are you sad today?" Wanda asked.

"I'm not sad."

"You're sad." Wanda and Bucky stated.

"Peters got some nerd convention and he's gonna be gone for a few days. Doesn't mean I'm sad." Sam said with an eye roll.

"Awe you miss him." Wanda said, her face softened.

"It's only a few days, and it's been a few hours since I've seen him. I'm fine." Sam said, waving her off.

"It's okay to say you miss him Sam." Bucky said with a small smile.

"He is also twelve years younger than me, that is another variable." Sam said.

"What's going on?" A new voice added, everyone turned towards the elevator where Scott was with his duffel bag which meant he was staying a few days.

"Scott, hey what's up?" Wanda greeted.

"Gonna stay a few days, whatcha talking about?" Scott asked, walking over and sitting at the table.

"Sams future-

Wanda smacked Bucky's shoulder before he could say anything.

"What?" Scott questioned.

"Just a dude I'm into." Sam said with a defeated sigh.

"Oh dude? That's cool, Hope told me she was bisexual a while ago when we started dating and gave me a lecture on all identities. What are you?" Scott asked politely.

"I'm just gay. The dude I like is bi." Sam said, shrugging.

"So we do know that he also likes guys! That's a start." Wanda cheered with a wide smile.

"What's his name?" Scott asked.

"Remember Peter?" Sam asked, quirkling a brow.

"Haven't met him, heard about him from you guys though." Scott said with a shrug.

"Yeah that's my friend-

"Hopefully more." Bucky interrupted with a grin.

Sam rolled his eyes. "But there are many variables to think about. He's twelve years younger than me."

"That means he's 18, but that's all up to his maturity. In the end as long as he's legal age is just a number if you're truly into someone." Scott said, resting his elbows on the table.

Wanda and Bucky nodded while Sam sighed. "Imagine the public if they found out I'm ga-

"Fuck the public. I'll shoot all the homophobic bastards in the kneecaps." Bucky said, straightening his shoulders to show he means it.

Sam chuckled. "Okay, what if I die on a mission? I couldn't leave someone like that." He said, shaking his head.

"Sam, if someone says yes to you they know what they're getting into. It's what they signed up for. You shouldn't hold back your heart because of fear." Wanda said, smiling softly as she remembered even though her time with Vision was cut short she wouldn't trade it for the world.

"What if he doesn't like me?" Sam asked, scratching the back of his neck.

"Won't know til you ask." Scott said which everyone nodded in agreement.

—///—

"Three."

"Two."

"One."

Peter flew out of the thirtieth floor window, bullets following him close behind, his eyes widening as his hands grasped onto the thick rope Barton threw out of the jet.

The older man gave Peter his hand to which the younger gladly took, climbing into the jet while bullets hit the bulletproof aircraft.

"Let's get out of here." Clint said with a laugh, quick to hop back in the cockpit and start the flight home.

"I'd say that went well, just a scratch." Peter said, beginning to roll the pantie of his fancy suit up to where a bullet grazed-

It wasn't a graze.

"Shit." Peter muttered, making Clint who finally had the plane on autopilot peek out.

"What's- oh shit. I'll get the med kit." Clint said, examining the bullet lodged in Peter's calf.

"Thanks." Peter said, annoyed by all the bleeding.

"Did you seriously not feel it?" Clint asked, sitting down and opening the medical supplies.

"Adrenaline man. I thought it was a graze." Peter said while propping his leg up so Barton could take the bullet out.

(Okay I'd kinda like to show how Peter is with actual guys he only sees in a friendly sense?? Like he's more giggly with Sam but with Clint who he's kinda befriending it's more so dude humor rather than soft touches 😊 I probably didn't need to point this out)

"I can see that, try not to flex your muscle in your leg. This is gonna hurt like a motherfucker." Barton said with a laugh.

"Oh I'm counting on it."

"On three." Clint began.

"Three!"

"FUCK!" Peter yelled after Clint dug in and pulled the bullet out.

"Ooh yeah, .45 right here." Clint said, dropping the bullet into a little cup before beginning to sanitize Peter's wound.

"I wonder if it happened before or after I jumped out the window." Peter said with a tired laugh.

"Hopefully after, cause it was a nice jump but imagine if you didn't run on adrenaline you would've been down." Clint said, amused at the situation.

"Yeah yeah. Hopefully it goes away quick." Peter said, feeling some sting from the alcohol.

"Here." Clint said, handing Peter a small flask.

"What is this?" Peter asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Just whiskey, make you think about something rather than the leg." Clint said, shrugging.

"I'm not twenty one." Peter said, shaking his head.

Barton chuckled. "I know man, I don't expect you to drink too much."

"It's just-

"You don't have to have any. Just an offer." Clint said, shrugging.

"I know.."

"Im gonna go make sure we're going the right way, be right back." Clint said, heading towards the cockpit while Peter stared at the glass.

Conveniently his duffel bag was next to him, so grabbing it he took out his wallet and opened it.

He grabbed the small photo inside of him and Tony.

Opening the flask while giving a sad smile to his mentor.

Maybe he wasn't twenty one, and maybe Tony wasn't actually there.

But in a way, as he sipped the whiskey from the flask and it burned down his throat all that Peter could think was he finally had his first drink with his dad.

After a moment of silence between him and the picture he put it back, giving the flask back to Clint who smirked when he realized it was lighter than before making Peter give him a sheepish grin.

"You know, I don't think you've ever met my ex partner Natasha." Clint said, placing his elbows in a knees.

"I have, but go on." Peter stated, leaning back in his seat.

Clint smiled. "You're lucky for have met her, but after every mission she'd drink a glass of red wine with me and we'd listen to classical tunes. Even after the whole rush of actually getting out alive there was a time of peace...I miss that."

Peter hummed. "You don't feel at peace no more?" He asked, his tongue tasting the leftover alcohol in his mouth.

"When you know the person you love is about to die..and there's nothing you can do about it...you don't come to peace with it, there's an ocean inside of you filled with raging waves of emotions. Some days the ocean is easier but it is never still." Clint said, a small faked smile on his face as he sipped from the flask.

"What about when the waves get too high?" Peter asked, staring into the distance.

Barton lifted his eyes too see Peter, who looked all too familiar with what he had talked about. Peters face was calm but his heart was hurting.

"When the waves get too high they're bound to crash down."

—//—

"God that was a long flight, I thought these jets went faster." Peter said with a yawn.

"Any faster and radars will track it, see where it's heading. Expose our locations." Clint said, shrugging.

"We aren't in New York though, where are we?" Peter said, his nose scrunching while he looked at the unfamiliar landscape.

The brunette had changed into a comfier outfit than his formal wear, now wearing a t shirt and some sweatpants that avoided his wound.

"Breakfast." Clint said, grabbing his travel bag.

"At a farm?"

"At my house, my wife and my kids are home." Clint said with a laugh.

"Oh..right." Peter said, getting up with a limp in his step.

"Sorry for not telling you, it was actually a split second decision considering my wife made extra blueberry pancakes and the fact I love blueberry pancakes." Clint said, rubbing the back of his neck with a smile.

"It's all good, I like blueberry pancakes too." Peter said with a laugh.

"Great, the kids will hopefully like you. I don't know. Always hit or miss." Clint said as the both walked/limped from the quinjet.

"If they don't like me I can go hang out with the chickens." Peter said, looking over at the chicken coop where the feathered creatures were walking around.

"Yeah, the chickens might be meaner than Laura when I forget to do the dishes if we're being honest." Clint said, the both of them laughing.

"Right, humans it is." Peter said as both stepped through the front door.

"Honey I'm home!" Clint yelled into the home where three kids resided.

"Good, you can help set the table then. Did you bring your friend like you said?" A woman yelled from the kitchen.

Clint smiled at the familiar voice. "Yeah I did." Barton then motioned Peter to follow him to where Laura was fixing everyone's plates, shuffling around was heard near the back door as well as young voices chattering and giggling.

"Kids! Come meet Peter." Clint called while grabbing the plates from Laura and placing them on the table along with silverware.

The two older ones shyly pokes their heads in while the shortest ran towards Peter like a small bundle of joy.

"Hello! I'm Nate, or Nathaniel. My daddy says you work with him! Are you an Avenger?" The little guy asked, looking up at Peter with wide eyes.

"In a way?" Peter said with hesitance in his voice while Clint laughed at their exchange.

"Everyone sit at the table please." Laura requested.

"You can sit next to me!" Nat cheered, grabbing Peters hand and leading his towards an empty seat.

Peter smiled politely, sitting down next to the child while the other two kids sat across from him.

Clint was at one end and there was a seat at the other end for Laura.

"Here's the syrup." Laura said, putting it down and taking her seat.

"Are you an Agent?" Lila asked, tilting her head.

Clint was actually curious too, sure Shield wasn't a thing but Avengers grew their own branch of government that was also partially combined with the UN so agent was still a title available.

"Not exactly." Peter said with a smile, taking a bite into the pancakes and after swallowing he quickly smiled at Laura with a small thank you.

"Do you have a superhero name?" Cooper asked.

"Window tumbler." Clint said under his breath making Peter smile.

"Yeah I do, and I'd be horrified if it were window tumbler. I thought I did it quite well." Peter said laughing along with Clint.

"Wait you do?" Clint asked, his eyebrows scrunching together.

Peter shrugged, taking a bite of his pancakes.

"I've never seen you on the field before, at least I don't think I have. Your skills are good but..hm. I would've heard of a human hero." Clint said, tilting his head and putting his fork down. He was now invested.

Peter rolled his eyes. "I never said I was completely human." He said, making the kids gasp with huge smiles on their faces.

"What can you do?" Lila asked, a huge grin on her face.

"That's a vague question, I mean I can cook, I can build, I can write an essay in under ten minutes. The last ones my favorite." Peter said, using his fingers to list them.

"Peter! You didn't tell me you can do extra cool stuff. What is it?" Clint asked, his foot tapping on the ground from anticipation.

"I'm Spider-Man." Peter said, shrugging and eating while silence covered the room.

"The guy that walks on walls?!?!" Nate cheered.

Peter nodded while chewing.

"The guys from Berlin? Boy have you grown." Clint said with a smile, patting his shoulder.

"Yeah, the mission was different than what I'm used too. Usually I'm in my suit." Peter said.



"I guess that's why you didn't use any of your abilities then." Clint said, making Peter nod.

## Chapter 19

"I'll see you man." Clint said, giving Peter a fist bump before the younger limped from the jet.

"See you around Clint." Peter waves, knowing Clint planned on going home after.

While the younger contemplated many things, wondering why he decided to tell Clint and his family his identity he realized he didn't regret it.

He felt good in his own skin as his own person for once.

He was no longer choking down school work like a coping mechanism, ignoring everyone unless interaction was absolutely necessary, or wondering if that was the night he'd be chugging a bottle of pills.

Oh right

Peter had more than one secret, imagine Sams reaction from telling him he attempted to kill himself?

He'd think he was weak.

Peter stopped in his tracks right before opening the door to the compound, limping into the headquarters where everyone was bustling around discussing missions and UN actions.

The young avenger sighed, making his way to the elevator as his stomach twisted around unnerved.

He should go say hi to Sam.

So he could think your weak later on and leave you?

Peter made his way to his room, noticing the messages from Sam on his phone and just putting the device in his drawer.

"What day is it again?" Peter asked himself, running his fingers through his hair.

After checking his phone avoiding reading the messages from his favorite person he mumbled 'Friday' under his breath.

"Mister Parker! It's a pleasure to finally speak to you. I have a birthday message from Tony sir." The small piece of Friday Peter kept in the corner of the room spoke.

Peter was horrified, his eyes wide and confused until they registered what she said.

"What?" The brunette questioned just as a hologram of Tony Stark appeared in the middle of his room with a sad smile.

'Hey kid, it's Tony..not that you don't already know that..' The hologram said, sighing and beginning to pace while scratching the back of his neck.

Peter could feel his chest hurt while watching it, but he didn't have the strength to move or even speak.

'Today's your 18th birthday! At least I hope I got that date right..I mean it's been five years since I've seen you and uh..-

Tony sniffled, wiping his eye that a tear had fallen from, picking up a random photo that randomly appeared. Peter tried to get a look but couldn't, though memorized the frame for later.

'I miss you Peter. And I really fucking hope this whole time travel thing works. I hope that I can actually be there for your 18th birthday and this is just a waste of time in the end..

But I know better, I'm an avenger and I'm well aware that sometimes things don't go to plan. And this is made so if I can bring you back and I can't come back..well you know the things I'm telling you now.'

Tony spoke, his voice getting a little raspy while he choked on a sob, wiping his tear filled eyes and continuing to talk.

'So, if you're seeing this. And I'm dead.. I need you to know I love you so damn much.' Tony said, smiling while his eyes still had tears falling down.

'I would give anything to have one more late lab night, one more Star Wars marathon, one more stupid pop culture reference..' Tony said, a pain filled smile on his face.

Peter's hands wouldn't stop shaking, his bottom lip quivering and a taste of salt in his mouth from the tears that wouldn't stop falling.

'There's just something inside me that knows...even if I don't survive, seeing your face one last time, knowing you're gonna live your best life, it'll all be worth it.

Because you Peter Parker, you are my wonderful son that fights for everyone.. I heard about you pulling the vulture out of the fire. You fight for all people and you are already twice the man I'll ever be.

And no matter what, I'll always be proud of you bambino. Always. Happy 18th birthday.'

And then Tony was gone, a smile on his face with tears covering his cheeks was the last Peter saw of the man.

And all Peter could do was shake. Not making a sound.

So he did the only thing he could comprehend doing.

He called Sam.

'Hey! I thought you died for a minute there. Are you back yet?' Peter heard from the other line that picked up on the second ring.

"Sam.." Peter said, a certain rasp to his voice giving away he was crying.

'What happened? Where are you?' Sam asked, his approach straight to the point.

"I just need you here Sam..please?" Peter said, hiccups beginning.

'Yeah, yes. Where are you?' Sam asked.

"Two floors down, third door on your right.." Peter said.

'Be there soon, hang on okay?' Sam said while Peter hung up the phone.

Peter pulled his knees into his chest, sobs racking his body while everything fell into place.

It was hardly even two minutes until Sam was timidly opening the door, the sight of Peter making him quickly rush in and shut the door behind him.

"Hey honey, shh shh, you're okay." Sam said while Peter wrapped his arms around the elder's neck.

Peter didn't say anything, Sam was now sitting on Peter's bed with the brunette holding tightly onto him while tears wouldn't stop falling down his face.

"Did something bad happen?" Sam asked, getting a very quick 'I don't know'.

"Okay baby, it's okay. You tell me later, come on." Sam said, pulling Peter onto his lap.

Peter didn't seem to mind, burying himself into Sam's shoulder while hyperventilating.

"It's okay Peter, calm down and breath. You're not alone, I'm here." Sam said, his arms wrapped around Peters back.

I'm not alone anymore

I'm not alone

Sam has my back

Happy too

Maybe even Clint

I'm safe now

It took about ten minutes for Peter to stop hyperventilating, his tears halted while all he did was smuggled deeper into Sams shoulder.

"What happened?" Sam asked, playing with Peters curls.

"I accepted everything." Peter said, his voice hoarse.

"Hm?" Sam questioned.

Peter put his forehead against Sams neck in an affectionate way.

"I accepted that life goes on, broken things aren't always fixed, and waves will never stop. I'll never be perfectly fine but it's not gonna get in the way of my happiness anymore." Peter said, smiling to himself.

"Good..you deserve happiness."

"Can I kiss you Sam?" Peter bluntly asked.

"What?" Sam questioned, his eyes wide.

Peter pulled away from Sams shoulder though his arms were still wrapped around his neck.

"Can I kiss you in a non friendly way, like a purely I like you more than a friend kind of thing? Just so there's no confusion." Peter said, his flushed face from crying looking at Sam who seemed awe struck.

"Uh..y-yeah. Yeah you can.." Sam said, not even thinking about Peters weird approach to the situation while the young dipped down and captured Sams lips in a meaningful kiss.

Peter pulled away, not wanting to kiss for too long considering he still hasn't showered unless you count getting sprayed with a hose by Clint while they watered plants before they left.

"Is that okay?" Peter questioned, looking a little concerned about his in the moment asking.

Sam tried to act like his heart wasn't beating rapidly and butterflies weren't parading in his stomach while he shyly nodded.

"Cool, cause this would've been real awkward if you didn't like me.." Peter said with a small nervous chuckle.

"I can assure you..I like you." Sam said, biting his lip.

Peter smiled. "That's good, that's real good. Makes me feel better about staring at your ass the other day- oh god I need to stop talking. Uhm, I need to shower. You can chill here or go upstairs and I'll meet you up there. Unless you don't wanna hang out? I didn't read your messages yet, they couldn't be pretty-

"Peter chill out, I'll stay here and wait for you. It's fine." Sam said, ignoring the ass comment for now.

Peter nodded shyly, grabbing a towel and heading towards the bathroom with a shy smile.

Once Sam could hear the water running he opened his phone and went into the group chat with Wanda, Bucky, and Scott.

'You're not gonna fucking believe this'



## Chapter 20

"Why are you limping?" Sam asked after Peter walked out from the bathroom with gray sweatpants on, looking for a shirt in his drawer.

"I'm clumsy." Peter said, his nose scrunching up at the lie Sam seemed to believe.

From Sams perspective he'd only seen the young mans back, but as Peter turned to talk to him, giving the older man a glimpse of his abs for a brief moment until it was covered by a Star Wars shirt.

"Sorry about not answering you at the convention, I left my phone here on accident." Peter said.

Convention? Stop lying. You dug yourself a hole you can't escape.

"It's okay, I just wanted to make sure you were okay." Sam said with a friendly smile while the brunette climbed onto the bed, nuzzling himself into Sams chest.

"I'm okay, just a little rattled is all." Peter said, humming in content when Sam wrapped his arm around him.

"You're so tiny." Sam said, rubbing his hand up and down Peters back.

Peter looked up at Sam. "You know, now that I told you I like you and you keep telling me I'm small does this give me permission to take your hoodies?" The brunette asked, always enjoying an oversized hoodie especially if it smelled like Sam.

Sam seemed to freeze for a moment, imagining the adorable brunette drowning in one of his air force hoodies with sweater paws...

"It's genuinely encouraged." Sam said with a grin.

Peter giggled, hooking his arm around Sams neck and kissing his cheek.

"We should probably talk boundaries if we're gonna try this." Sam said, playing with Peters hair.

Peter nodded. "I agree. You're allowed to hang out in the lab with me and make conversation but don't bring any liquids in." Peter said, thinking of anything else.

"I mean, that's a start. But I was talking more so verbal ones. I know you have a trigger word, if you have anymore can you write them down." Sam said, looking at Peters wide eyes.

"Besides the one you already know there's nothing else. I don't like guns though, at all. I don't ever want to learn how to handle one if that counts as a boundary." Peter said, biting his lip and thinking about his Uncle.

"Do you know self defense?" Sam asked.

"Yes, that I do know. Uhm, yours?" Peter asked.

"Nothing comes to mind right away, but I do like having my walking and thinking time. I like to do it alone so it's kinda a boundary of mine." Sam said, shrugging.

"Understandable." Peter said, nodding.

Before Sam could comment on anything Peter spoke again.

"Are you okay on waiting for anything sexual?" The brunette asked, avoiding eye contact at all costs.

Sam sighed, kissing Peters temple. "Peter, I will never make you do something you don't want to do."

Peter let out a sigh of relief, nodding at the statement. "Thanks Sam."

"Don't thank me for human decency, angel." Sam endeared, making the young man in his arms giggle.

"Angel?" Peter questioned with amusement.

"Mhmmm, or would you prefer my little chicken pot pie?" Sam said in a joking manner.

Peter giggled, shaking his head. "Oh gosh no. Wait- does this mean you're my boyfriend?" Peter asked, tilting his head.

"Do you want me to be your boyfriend?" Sam asked.

Peter sheepishly nodded. "Yeah, I'd like that."

"Me too."

Both of them smiled.

"My little chicken pot pie." Sam added, pinching Peters cheek.

—//—

"Hey Hap!" Peter greeted when he walked into his lab, he had spent about an hour snuggling and talking to Sam, learning things he didn't already know.

"Hey Pete, you look happy?" Happy said, raising an eyebrow at the glow on Peters face.

Happy was sitting on a random chair, Peter hitched himself onto the counter near by with a smile.

"Well, I guess I am happy?" Peter said, shrugging though the smile on his face didn't leave.

"Why? Did the mission go extra well or something?" Happy asked with a laugh.

"I got shot on it but all is well. But..Tony left me an 18th birthday message I saw today.." Peter said, scratching the back of his neck with a smile.

Happy's face seemed to drop at the mention of Tony, but a smile crawled on his face when he realized what this meant.

"What did he say kid?"

"That I was his son.." Peter said with a sad smile.

"Oh Peter, you always were." Happy said, nodding at the young man.

Peter smiled even brighter. "That's- that's not all."

"What else happened?" Happy asked, tilting his head with interest.

"I kissed Sam."

Happy let out a low whistle at the news. "Damn kid!! Yesterday you were in your onesie and here you are canoodling with avengers."

"Yeah yeah I know, he's my boyfriend now but..there's a problem." Peter said, his smile dropping.

"There's a problem?" Happy questioned.

"I never told them I'm Spider-Man.." Peter said with a sheepish half smile.

"You mean..you never told- oh gosh a Peter what'd you tell them?" Happy asked, crossing his arms.

"I told them half the truth, that I work on avengers suits and I'm usually in the lab." Peter said, awkwardly scratching the back of his neck.

Happy sighed. "Well are you going to tell them? More specifically Sam?"

"Clint knows, none of the others do and Rhodey thinks I'm some trespasser or sumthin. Not sure."

"And you're on Rhodey's bad side!?!?" Happy exclaimed.

Peter laughed nervously, biting his lip and avoiding eye contact.

"Oh gosh Peter, you have to tell them. Especially Sam! Before things get too serious." Happy said with a huff.

"I know, I will I swear. I'll tell him this week." Peter said while dragging his hands through his hair.

"Good, tell me something good now so my mood isn't ruined." Happy said, leaning back in his seat.

Peter nodded and smiled. "Sam asked me out this Friday, hopefully he still wants to go considering I'll probably tell him before then."

"I'm sure he'll be fine Pete, just a little annoyed you didn't tell him sooner." Happy said with a reassuring smile.

"Yeah I know, and he gives me these vile pet names!" Peter exclaimed with a smile.

Happy laughed. "Oh gosh kid, you're whipped."

"Yeah yeah, I'm well aware. Did you know he can bake??" Peter questioned, remembering it from his conversation with Sam.

"So he can feed your fat ass?" Happy said with a laugh. It was definitely a joke considering Peter was very fit and sometimes forgot to eat but sometimes just ate the whole day.

"Damn right!" Peter said with a giggle.

"Right, okay. Should I give him a Peter Parker pamphlet so he knows what he's getting into?" Happy asked, raising an amused brow.

"He partialllyyy knows what he's getting into." Peter said, shrugging.

"Poor him."

—//—

"So Peter actually made the first move?" Scott said his eyebrow raised.

Wanda, Bucky, Sam, and Scott were sitting and playing a game of cards while talking about Sam's new boyfriend.

"Yes, he did. I had plans to ask him out later but he just straight up asked if he could kiss me." Sam said, putting down a card.

"Good for him, told you he liked you." Bucky said with a smirk.

"He sounds different around you as well, he's more stoic around us." Wanda said.

"I still haven't properly met the guy but I'll take your guys' words for it. What's he look like?" Scott asked, genuinely curious.

Sam smiled. "He's got curly brown hair, brown eyes that remind you of Bambi, he's actually really fit contrasting to the baggy clothes he's usually wearing, and his smiles~ gosh." Sam said, leaning back into the couch with a dreamy smile.

"Wowza." Scott said with a chuckle.

"Wowza indeed, are you talking about Peter?" Rhodey asked as he walked into the living area with his keys in hand.

Sam sheepishly nodded. "Yeah."

"You guys dating?" Rhodey asked, genuinely curious.

"Mhm, as if three hours it seems." Sam said with a laugh.

Rhodey nodded. "Good for you, I had a conversation with Bruce and apparently he does work here. Smart motherfucker too."

Sam laughed, nodding in agreement. "Yeah! He's got a brain for sure."

"Still an asshole." Rhodey said, rolling his eyes.

"I'm getting mixed signals." Scott said with a huff.

Wanda and Bucky gave him amused smiles.

"Maybe you should just invite him up, tell him to come meet the squad." Scott said with a cheeky grin.

Sam rolled his eyes, pulling out his phone and quickly messaging Peter.

'Hey, Scott wants to meet you. Are you free right now?' Sam quickly sent, Rhodey seemed to just

sit down in an empty seat on the couch, watching the card game....unfold (☺).

'Lang? Ant Man?' Peter sent back after a moment.

'That's the one, he's actually a dumbass even if he's got a masters.'

'Well I'm free now! Did you read up on his heist? Dude that was so cool!' Sam could practically head the fanboy through the screen.

'Yep yep, we're in the living area.' Sam sent back, a smile on his face knowing his boy was only like this with him.

"He's coming." Sam said, noticing it was his turn and putting his cards on the table.

"Awesome, finally get to meet Sams boy." Scott said with a smile.

"He's meaner than you think." Bucky said.

"Yeah." Rhodey agreed.

"Maybe with you guys but not with me." Sam said, rolling his eyes.

"He's blunt, sarcastic, wouldn't say mean." Wanda added.

"Thank you!" Sam said with a smile.

"You think he likes card tricks?" Scott asked.

"Peter already thinks your awesome Scott." Sam said, rolling his eyes.

Scott raised a brow. "Cause of Antman?"

Sam shook his head. "Cause of your heist, that's probably the only reason he decided to come up."

Scott's eyes widened. "Oh, that's intriguing. He's not like a bad guy looking for tips is he?"

"He probably wants to talk nerdy stuff." Sam said, his eyes drifting when he heard the ding of the elevator.

"Hey!" Sam greeted Peter who was still wearing his Star Wars Shirt and sweatpants for earlier and proceeded to sit down next to Sam on the couch.

"Hey." Peter said quietly, kissing Sams cheek after sitting down and then proceeded to examine everyone else there.

"Hello, I'm Scott." Scott said, waving at the brunette.

Peter stared at Scott for a moment, looking him up and down and then nodding.

"I'm Peter, it's interesting to meet you." Peter greeted.

Sam smiled as Peter curled his legs up onto the couch so their thighs were touching as Peter peered at his cards.

"You wanna play?" Sam asked, putting his arm around Peters shoulders.

"I'm okay, thanks though." Peter said, smiling up at Sam.

Sam smiled back and nodded.

"How was the science convention?" Wanda asked, remembering it from conversations with Sam.

Peter chuckled, trying not to cringe. "It was definitely..interesting." The young man said, cussing himself out in his head at the white lie.

"What's your major?" Rhodey surprisingly asked.

"Organic Chemistry." Peter answered with a smile.

"He's smart." Sam commented with a proud smile.

"You have a masters in electrical engineering, right Scott?" Peter questioned.

"Yeah! It hasn't been useful in a while but I've got it." Scott said with a nervous chuckle.

"You should join me in my lab sometime, we've got coffee." Peter said with a welcoming smile.

Scott's eyes widened. "I like the sound of that! What floor?"

"Two down from here, Karen will probably question you just say you're a friend of mine if I'm not there. Feel free to wander." Peter said with a pleased grin.

"Sure thing! Thanks man." Scott said, smiling and deciding that maybe he was actually a nice guy.

—//—

After the cards game and a few nerdy conversations between Scott and Peter everyone eventually dispersed.

Sam and Peter laid on the couch after everyone left while the elder laced his fingers through the brunettes hair.

"Scott likes you." Sam mentioned, Peters back against his chest while they cuddled.

"Mhm, sometimes I can be likable." Peter said in an amused tone, giggling as Sam pressed a sloppy kiss against his cheek.

"I know that, silly. You were just nicer than you are usually to newer folks." Sam said, smiling as Peter turned around and rested his thighs atop of Sams.

"Maybe you're affecting me somehow." Peter said with a grin, wrapping his arms around Sams neck.

Sam raised a brow, placing his hands on top of Peters thighs. "Am I now?"

"Mhm~" Peter said, leaning in and kissing Sam.

"Is that a good or a bad thing?" Sam asked after their short kiss.

"That's for you to decide."

## Chapter 21

"Morning." Peter greeted.

Him and Sam had been together just under a week now and telling him the truth got harder and harder each passing day.

"Hey honey bunch." Sam said, pulling the brunette close.

They had fallen asleep the past night watching a movie, the secret spider tucked under Sams arm.

"Today's Friday." Sam reminded.

Peter let out a chuckle, slightly nervous though Sam seemed to pass it off as cold feet. "It is indeed Friday."

Today was the day Sam was going to take Peter on a date, which means he has to tell Sam the truth before he digs himself into a never ending hole.

Peter had decided to tell him at dinner rather than this morning, his heart beating extra fast for the possibility that maybe Sam wouldn't take it very well.

"Remember, dinners at 7." Sam said, kissing Peters temple.

"Then I'll see you at 7, I've got some stuff to do in the labs right now." Peter said, getting up and rubbing his eyes while checking the time.

"But- snuggles??"

"We snuggled all night." Peter said with a laugh.

Sam huffed. "Fineeee, you win this time Parker. I have to go on a run anyway."

Peter grinned, giving Sam a quick kiss. "Alright, I'll see you later then."

"See you later my little chicken pot pie." Sam endeared with a goofy smile.

Peter rolled his eyes, leaving the room with a smile that wouldn't leave as he headed down to his room to quickly change and then the lab.

Imagine his surprise on seeing Clint and Happy there, chatting with one another.

"Uh, hey guys?" Peter questioned when he walked in, sitting down at his desk area.

"There you are! I checked your room and you weren't there." Happy exclaimed, something about the atmosphere was tense and Peter had a bad feeling in his stomach.

"What's wrong?" Peter asked to which Clint answered.

"We've got a hostage situation in Jersey, they're demanding you." Clint said, his arms crossed which gave off the idea he was aggravated.

"Me? You mean Spider-Man?" Peter questioned, quickly pulling up news on his holo table.

"No, I mean Peter Parker." Clint responded, motioning the the news headline.

Hostage situation calls for Peter Parker or else will kill a person each hour

"What the hell? How long has it been?" Peter questioned.

"Fifteen minutes." Clint answered, showing a watch on his wrist that had a timer that said 45 min on it.



"Shit, why the hell do they want me at 11am?" Peter asked.

"Early risers? I don't know. Something about tech I think, we've gotta go though. It's a ten minute ride in the jet and we don't know what they want." Clint said.

"Do they know I'm Spider-Man?"

"They haven't given any indication they do." Clint answered while him and Peter rushed out of the building.

"Do I need my suit?" Peter asked.

"It's in the jet!" Happy yelled out.

"Thanks Hap!" Peter yelled back while him and Clint went down the elevator.

The few floors they went down were nerve wracking.

"I had a date today too." Peter said, huffing.

"Whose the chick?" Clint asked, hoping to lessen the fear in the air.

"Guy actually." Peter answered, speed walking out of the elevator with Clint to the jet.

"Whose the guy?" Clint repeated, not even questioning him.

"Sam actually, I was gonna tell him I'm Spider-Man today." Peter said, both of them getting in the jet while Peter searches for his suit.

"Wilson? He doesn't know?" Barton questioned, rushing into the cockpit.

"No, he doesn't!" Peter yelled back, sighing in relief when he found his suit folded on a chair.

"Nine minute arrival time." Clint said, coming back from the cockpit after a few minutes.

"Do I know what I'm walking into?" Peter questioned.

"Nope, don't put your suit on. They want Peter Parker. You got your web shooters?" Clint questioned, looking at a Peters wrists.

Peter held up his wrists which had silver bracelets on each of them.

"Good, it won't register as a weapon when they pat you down then." Clint said with a smile.

"It'll go well..hopefully." Peter said with a sigh and a nod.

"Yeah. Hopefully."

—//—

Turns out hopefully wasn't enough.

Clint watched as the hostages ran out, waiting for one certain spider to come out as well with a bright smile on his face laughing at how easy it was.

The only people that came out were the terrorists with sickening grins on their faces, hands in the air as the surrendered to the police.

The archer was quick to sprint inside, yelling Peters name over and over again.

To no response he ran inside each room until he saw a familiar head of curls with their body limp on the ground.

"No, no, no, Peter?" Clint called, flipping the young mans body over to see his eyes unresponsive and blood dripping out of his mouth.

Two bullet holes in his stomach.

—

"He's in the morgue here. I wasn't gonna bring him anywhere else." Clint spoke in Peters lab to Happy.

Happy had tears streaming down his face, horror stricken by the situation. "Did he..Uh..feel anything?"

Clint shook his head. "I think it was quick..oh god..his blood is still on my hands. He was just a kid." The archer said, shaking his head over and over hoping that maybe this was some sick dream.

"We've Uh..gotta tell.."

"Sam? Yeah, he told me about that. The team doesn't know his identity." Clint said with a nod, getting up and walking towards the elevator.

"I'll come with." Happy said, walking over to the elevator with Clint. Both looked saddened and Happy looked horrified.

"That's Tony's kid you know..not biologically..but it's his kid." Happy said on the eerily silent elevator ride.

"He acts like him."

"I know."

And as the elevator doors opened to the team goofing around, even Rhodey was there teasing Sam as Wanda and Bucky watched. Scott seemed to be digging in the fridge.

Rhodey's face dropped at the sight of both of them, watching as Happy wouldn't even look up.

"Hey guys.." Sam greeted warily, Scott lifted his head at the elevator opening and saw the gloomy cloud surrounding both of them.

"Everyone sit down." Clint ordered, and everyone listened and sat down on the couch while Happy sat in a chair at the kitchen counter wondering if Tony would ever forgive him.

"Clint, what's going on?" Wanda asked, worry shown in her gaze.

With everyone's eyes on him now as he was about to tell them Peter's secret a part of him died. He was about to ruin the playful atmosphere that was here before.

"We lost Spider-Man." Clint stated, staring at the group while Happy hid his head in his hands.

"What do you mean by lost?" Rhodey asked, his eyebrows pinned together in confusion.

Everyone was holding their breath, hoping they couldn't find him maybe.

"He died." Clint answered, looking over at Happy who kept shaking his head.

"How?" Bucky asked, fiddling with his hands and wondering if he killed himself like the nurses said.

"It was a hostage situation and once all the hostages were gone they shot him." Clint said, gulping and feeling his throat constrict.

How would Laura take it? The kid that was eating breakfast with them now dead.

"I wish I got to know him.." Scott said, his lips pressed together as shame washed through him.

"You did know him." Happy spoke, tugging at his own hair for how stupid he was to actually send Peter in.

The guys that killed him didn't even know why, they said something about taking the life of Starks intern.

"What?" Sam said, everyone's attention on Happy now. They were all confused, thinking they would remember meeting Spider-Man.

"What are you talking about?" Wanda asked, with Bucky's eyes widening.

For some reason he was the one to realize it first. Peters accessibility to the kitchen, he was always tired, knew how to fix Sam's wounds, and he was an asshole.

Tony Stark hung out with Spiderman, did missions with him..made sense they would be alike.

"Sam.." Bucky said, shaking his head in pity for his friend.

"What are you guys talking about?" Sam asked, the puzzle pieces lying right in front of him.

"Oh god." Rhodey said, realizations dawning on his face while he put his head in his hands.

"What am I missing?" Sam asked.

"I'm sorry Sam. Peters not gonna make it to your date." Clint said, looking away so he didn't have to see the grief on his friend's face.

Sams face dropped completely, his heart clenching at the sudden news. "No, no, no. I just saw Peter, he was fine." Sam defended.

Wanda put a hesitant hand on Sams shoulder, tears streaming down her face while she tried to console her friend.

"Sam I'm sorry." Clint added, turning around and waving Happy over to the elevator.

He couldn't stay, the grief was too loud. His throat was constricted as if he couldn't breath.

He held the dead man in his arms ten minutes ago, and here he was.

"I'll tell Bruce." Happy offered, pressing the button of Bruce's floor.

Clint nodded, pressing the button for the bottom floor.

When Happy got off tears finally started rolling down his cheeks. Peter was only a few years older than his own kids.

And when the elevator stopped, doors opening, Clint walked in expecting to see Peters body in the corner on the table where it was last he saw him.

Instead there was a scared eighteen year old boy in the corner of the ceiling hyperventilating with tears streaming down his face.

—

When Peter was shot he knew he was gonna die, but as his eyes drifted shut a vision flashed over his eyes.

*The spider that Peter smacked off his neck laid there dead, it's body curled up on the floor as Peter*

*walked away from it, cursing about 'damn spiders'.*

*A few seconds later it's limbs extended out, it stood back up and Peter could hear its tiny heart beat quicken to a normal pace, the creature making its way out of the room.*

And when Peter opened his eyes to feel the bullet holes completely healed, his eyes began to water and he spooked.

He crawled up the wall into the corner of the ceiling and stayed there for ten minutes.

Until Clint walked in.

"What the hell happened?" Peter asked as the man looked at him like he'd seen a ghost.

"You-you're dead." Clint tried as Peter dropped from the ceiling.

His Star Wars shirt was stained with blood but as Peter lifted his shirt there were no bullet wounds.

"I'm very much alive..I mean..I think I was dead..but I'm alive again?" Peter said, wiping the tears away as his heart seemed to beat a thousand times a minute.

"You're alive.." Clint said, a small smile tugging at his lips.

"Yeah..I'm alive." Peter said as the archer ran forward and crashed against him, hugging Peter.

Peter laughed, hugging his newest friend back.

"Oh shit! Everyone thinks your dead." Clint exclaimed, pulling away as Peter's eyes widened.

"Like everyone?" Peter questioned.

"Like..the team and Happy." Clint said with an awkward scratch behind his neck.

"Shit."

"Shit indeed."

—

Sam was sitting on his bed, his arms around his knees as he tried to think about it without crying.

The guy he had actually fallen for was dead. Gone, and never coming back.

They didn't even get to go to dinner.

A knock on his window startled him, enough he fell off his bed and cursed the damn birds as he walked over to it his eyes red and puffy about to pull the shades shut.

But as Sam finally got back up a body slipped in through his window, his face familiar and his shirt bloody.

But that didn't matter as Sam rushed forward and hugged him.

Maybe everything would be okay after all.



## Chapter 22

Peter knocked at the door, his hands now stuffed in his pockets as he waited for a response.

To his surprise a little girl answered the door.

"Morgan! Who is it?" The familiar voice of Pepper Potts asked.

Morgan's eyes widened as she looked at Peter. "You- you're my brother!" She exclaimed to the surprised arachnid.

Peter looked at her, a smile tugging at his lips. "Yeah..I guess so."

"My daddy showed me a picture of you! Mom!! It's my brother!" Morgan cheered, opening the door for Peter so he got a view of a smiling Pepper Potts.

"Peter..come in." Pepper greeted, walking towards him and pulling him in for a hug.

"Hey Miss Potts." Peter said, hugging back.

Morgan ran away for a moment, rushing back with a familiar picture frame in hand while Peter and a pepper pulled away from each other.

Peter looked confused as the young girl handed him the picture. "My daddy showed me this! Said one day you'd be back to meet me." The girl said with a grin.

Peter could feel tears brim his eyes as he looked at the internship photo both of them took, Tony and him had been goofing around that entire day.

"Peter..it's nice to have you back." Pepper said with a smile.

Peter smiled back, for once feeling like he was okay.

For once feeling like he was finally, not alone.

He had Sam, his sister, Happy, Clint, and Pepper.

Life was good.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!